

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 24, 1964 30 CENTS

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12



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## Next week

**THE PENNANT RACE** In the American League continues, with the White Sox and Yankees in pursuit of the Orioles. William Leggett describes the battle, its heroes and key plays.

**KING OF THE HOT RODDERS** Don Garlins has a respectable income and has broken the sport's 200-mph barrier but is haunted by the memory of a searing, near-fatal crashup.

**THE HAPLESS HORROR** of the golfer who sets out for a pleasant round but finds his course has become a monster is exposed in eight pages of drawings by Robert Osborn.



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Just so you call.



# SHOPWALK

Some Atomic Age gadgets will make you get safe, chic, happy and popular

Every summer the Pet Products Association puts on an exhibition held this year in New York, displaying the latest fashions, gadgets and pampering devices for pets. The owners of this \$800 million industry spare no pains to solve the problems of pet owners and promote the comfort and happiness of pets, ranging from goldfish and turtles to mynah birds and great Danes. No dog need suffer overcastism because of dull fur, unpleasant breath or long floppy ears that get in his way when he eats his dinner. Fish that have grown weary of last year's color scheme may now have their bowls paved with translucent crystal quartz. Turtles can swim in a plastic pool with a diving board.

To solve a problem that has been a nuisance to hounds, the J. Hankin Co. of The Bronx has devised plastic, buckled twin



sneeds which it calls Ear Ups. Ear Ups sell for \$1 and come in three sizes.

For dogs that like to wander around at night, the Newark Comfort Co. has developed a fluorescent plastic safety belt—called a Glo-Belt—that fits snugly around the middle. It warns motorists of the dog's presence by reflecting automobile headlights. The Glo-Belt costs \$1 and can be adjusted to fit any size up to 34 inches in circumference.

For dogs with a penchant for water sports, the Elvin Selson Co. of Boston, makers of life preservers for people and cushions for boats since 1905, has come out with the Doggie Safety Harness (above). Made of soft uncellular foam and having adjustable cotton web straps, the harness is light in weight and allows the dog complete freedom of movement. A loop attached to the back of the harness near the dog's shoulders makes it easy for someone aboard to pluck him out of the water. The harness comes in four sizes: small, medium, large and (for

continued)



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dogs weighing around 50 pounds (extra large). The first three cost \$6, the last a dollar more.

An indirect benefit of the Atomic Age is a product developed by Lamber-Kay, Inc. of Los Angeles. It is a powdered spray dentifrice originally developed for use by humans dwelling in bomb shelters, where water would be in short supply. Called Happy Breath, it is now available for dogs dwelling in homes. One squeeze from a plastic bottle makes Towner popular with the ladies. The cost is \$1.35 an ounce.

Not all of the pet people's ingenuity has been directed toward improving the lot of dogs, however. Muscovy turtles are offered a kidney-shaped swimming pool made of clear polystyrene (below). For the sophisticated turtle there is a palm-shaded island equipped with a diving board. Made by Gould Prod-



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ucts, Inc. of Elmont, N.Y., the whole package sells for \$6.

By December turtles interested in physical fitness will be able to take advantage of an ingenious gymnasium introduced by the K.C. Wire Products firm of Chicago. A six-inch bowl is outfitted with a plastic ladder to climb, two rubber-covered wire rungs on which to balance, and saws—in case the turtle works out with a partner. It sells for \$3.

And now cats. Vo-Toys of The Bronx has developed a unique scratching post for felines called Kitty Go Round. It is a 14-inch-high bark-covered cedar log, and suspended from it are a mouse stuffed with catnip and a ball the cat can poke at. The Kitty Go Round costs \$2.50.

Up to now, disposable corrugated cardboard carrying boxes for pets have been available for the use of owners of pet shops only. But the demand for them has been so great that the 8 In 1 Pet Products firm of Long Island City, N.Y. has designed a gaily decorated collapsible cardboard case for the general public. It sells for \$1.50.

Except for the turtle gym, these products will be available in pet shops and department stores this fall.

—JULIE CAMPBELL



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Illustration by John White. Photo by Robert A. Schuchman.

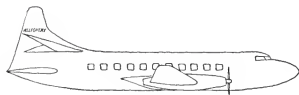
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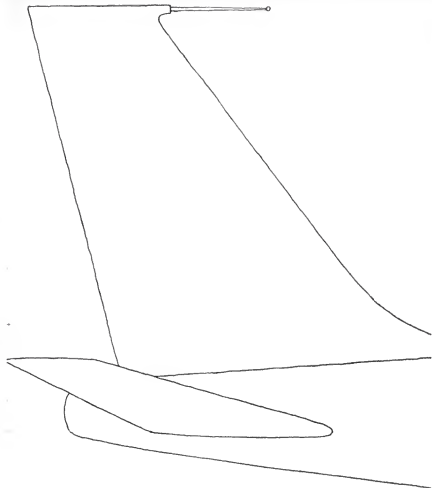


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### POINT OF FACT

A quiz on the U.S. tennis singles championships to test the memories of players and armchair experts

7. *When was the first foreign player to win the U.S. men's title?*

• Hugh L. Doherty of England, who beat the defending champion, William A. Larned, 6-0, 6-3, 10-8, in the finals in 1903. (Since then, seven Australians, two Frenchmen, one Englishman and one Mexican have won the tournament.)

7 What four foreign players have won the women's title?

\* Betty Nuthall of England, Anna Lizana of Chile, Margaret Smith of Australia and Maria Bueno of Brazil.

<sup>8</sup>Who was the first Negro to play in a U.S. singles championship?

• Althea Gibson, who made her debut at Forest Hills, N.Y., in 1950. She lost to Louise Brough in the second round that year; but seven years later, at the age of 30, she beat Miss Brough in the finals, 6-3, 6-2.

What record is shared by these five players: Richard Sears, William Larned, Bill Tilden, Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory and Mrs. Helen Wills Moody?

\* Each won the U.S. title seven times. (Mrs. Mallory, who won a special Patriotic Tournament in 1917, is sometimes credited with winning the women's title eight times.)

7 How are plates gone through the entire environment without losing a single set?

- Yes: Maureen Connolly, in 1953, and Dennis Hart, in 1955, accomplished this in the women's singles, while Tony Trabert did it twice—in the men's singles, likewise in 1953 and 1955.

**?** What player reached the greatest number of final rounds?

• Tilden was in a total of 10. (He lost three finals—to R. Landley Murray, William M. Johnston and Jean Rene Lacoste.)

7 Who uses the oldest plans to win the new's championship?

- Bill Larned, who won it in 1911 at the age of 38.

Who was last year's winner of the William M. Johnston trophy awarded annually for outstanding?

★ Davis Cup player (No. 5 nationally) Martin Riessen of Evanston, Ill.  
—NANCY WILLIAMS

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*And so a gentleman wonders, when Tiparillo is so neat*



*and trim, so smartly slim, when Tiparillo's pearly tip is the mouthpiece to mildness—should he or should he not make the gentlemanly offer?*

*What says Lev Remick? Will she be featured in the anatomy of another murder—if he doesn't wake up his mind pretty darn quick?*

# SCORECARD

## SAY IT ISN'T SO

To the Columbia Broadcasting System, which put up less than 25% of its 1963 revenue to buy 80% of the New York Yankees (see page 12), the transaction may have been a piddling deal, financially speaking. To the sports fan the implications are far from trivial.

There is no question that television can be, and to a great extent has been, a friend of the fan. Certainly it has vastly expanded the sporting horizons of the entire nation. But when it controls sport it ruins it. Only a few years ago it took over boxing, saturated the nation's screens with it and, once it was no longer profitable, abandoned it. It will be years before boxing climbs back.

We are already nervous about the grip TV is acquiring on professional football, but the grip has at least been less than outright ownership. (Up to now, that is.) We are apprehensive because a sport controlled by TV could evolve into a tasteless form of entertainment. The distinction between sport and entertainment may not be apparent to the world of show business but it is to us. And if you want to sense the distinction, watch *The Beverly Hills* some night and then watch a baseball game.

The fact is that the television industry has yet to establish that it cares a whit about the integrity of the sports it presents—whether professional wrestling or prizefighting. Nor have the quiz scandals of a few years ago been altogether forgotten. Entrust baseball to such an environment? Say it isn't so.

The very manner in which the sale was rammed through in a secret power play, involving a previously mysterious extension of Ford Frick's tenure as baseball commissioner (Ford said yes again), gives no occasion for confidence in the American League's new look. Arthur Allyn, owner of the Chicago White Sox and one of the two American League owners to vote against the sale, holds, in fact, that league approval of the sale was "illegal under our constitution," which requires "a unanimous vote on a vote by telephone, a unanimous vote on a

vote by telegraph and three days' notice on any vote unless there is unanimous consent to consider the question." None of these conditions were fulfilled.

To be sure, there is nothing new about the involvement of TV interests in baseball. On regional or statewide scales such interests are involved in the Detroit Tigers, the Houston Colts and the Los Angeles Angels. But none of these are to be compared with the magnitude of CBS and none of their teams are to be compared with the Yankees.

The Yankees have long dominated the American League, in part because they draw so well on the road—they have pulled many lesser teams out of financial holes. Now, it would seem, CBS must dominate the league.

If TV ownership of the Yankees is proper, what would be wrong with CBS and other networks bidding for the best hockey teams, the best basketball teams and the best pro football teams? What would be wrong then with show business taking over all profitable aspects of sport? One thing that would be wrong is that sport might well end up where Milton Berle and boxing are now.

One must wonder, too, what effect this arrangement will have on other tenants of Yankee Stadium. Would CBS refuse to rent out the Stadium for a heavyweight championship fight unless it were given the broadcasting rights? It very well could. How much would CBS have to say about pro football teams anxious to play in the Stadium? Quite a bit.

It is reasonably apparent, though denied, that one of the network's motivations in buying the Yankees derived from a farsighted look at pay television, which already is peddling baseball on the West Coast. In a dominant position in the American League, CBS will be in fine shape to bat from either side of the plate, pay or free. It could just about tell the league what to do when the question arises. And it could leave pay TV holding the Mets.

The only good thing about the sale is that it does not become final until November. Much could happen in the

meantime. The rumbles of angry reaction are already being heard—in Congress and in baseball itself. Thus, Roy Hofheinz, president of the National League's Houston Colt .45s, called for opposition by "every ballplayer, fan, baseball club owner, Congressman and Senator," both on grounds of financial self-interest and ethical considerations.

"The fight has just begun," Hofheinz said. "It should be carried to every form and every level to assure American baseball fans the continuation of baseball as a sport and not as a show or a Madison Avenue production."

That prolonged applause is coming from these bleachers.

## OOOF THREE

When the third—and present—Madison Square Garden was built in 1925, the architects were embarrassed to discover that they had not allowed for a lobby. When Boston Garden—patterned after Madison Square—was built in 1928, it



was discovered just in time that there were no provisions for ticket wickets.

Now the new multimillion-dollar fourth Madison Square Garden is awaiting construction on the site of Pennsylvania Station. Plans, you may be sure, call for a lobby and ticket wickets.

No press box, though.

## VERY FUNNY, BIBB

Among the businessmen of Lawrence, Kans., site of the University of Kansas, sports are no laughing matter. Sport, in fact, is venerated there. So, at a recent luncheon meeting in Lawrence, Rotarians scarcely knew whether to laugh or not when James Bibb, the state's budget director, suggested that the university

system be expanded to include a School for Professional Athletes. Serving the same purpose as a school of law or a school of medicine, Bibb said, it would "insure proper preparation of the athlete for his future job." Eight of the 10 schools that make up the university, he pointed out, are geared to prepare their graduates for specific jobs. A school for pros, he observed, would fill an obvious gap.

It would also, he went on in the face of many a growler, just about eliminate losses of athletes because of scholastic ineligibility. There would be few failures in such courses as Free Throwing or Running the Split T. And it was unlikely, he said, that Kansas would have lost two of its greatest basketball players, Wilt Chamberlain and Wayne Hightower, if a School for Professional Athletes had been in existence at the time they left Kansas, each with eligibility remaining.

There was a smattering of polite applause.

#### BREAK UP THE PERCENTAGES

The iconoclastic discoveries of Earnshaw Cook, the Baltimore engineer whose study of baseball produced such frightening contradictions of cherished theory (SI, March 23), are now available in book form—*Percentage Baseball*, Waverly Press, Inc., Baltimore, \$10.50. In it he repeats what he told SI readers (the sacrifice bunt should never be used, relief pitchers should start and all that) but in rather more scholarly terms.

Meanwhile, things have been happening which portend that Cook, hooted at for his claims, may yet have a revolutionary impact on the game. Two National League clubs have approached him for more information. And Cook is meeting this week with Richard F. Trueman, an operations research scientist from Woodland Hills, Calif., who also has been analyzing baseball strategy. Operating independently of Cook, he has come to quite similar conclusions. Baseball's long-fancied "scientific" percentage game is beginning to look more and more like superstition.

#### THE RUSSIAN TROT

Bill Fleming, a North Carolina harness driver, took his trotter, Apex Hanover, to Moscow to compete in the 10,000-ruble Stakes for Peace Trot. He is now back in the U.S. without the horse and without any part of the winner's purse he won. He also has a feeling that it is difficult to coexist with the Russians.

"I had to start 27 yards behind the

*continued*



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six Russian horses in each of the three heats," Fleming said. "The first heat I fooled them by slipping through on the inside and winning by a length. But in the next two heats they ganged up on me. When I came outside, they bunched up and carried me six wide. I nearly got pushed off the track."

Furthermore, the Russian drivers seemed to Fleming to be swapping signals. But he managed to get Apex Hanover, regarded as a mediocre trotter in this country, to the wire second in both final heats and win the series in overall time. The Russians decided that if they could not beat Apex Hanover, they could buy him for breeding purposes. They traded seven Russian yearling trotters for him.

The first American harness driver to compete in Russia since the revolution of 1917, Fleming had to deposit some of his winnings in a bank in case he accepted a Russian invitation to race again next year. Because of currency restrictions he and his wife spent the rest on Persian lamb hats, watches, perfumes, glasses and jewelry.

#### SANITATION IS FOR THE BIRDS

In well-manicured forests of the Northwest, especially on tree farms, there has been practiced for several decades what is called "forest sanitation." This involves the removal of dead snags and limbs, the cutting away of thickets and the cleaning out of underbrush and unwanted tree species. In the end one has a "sanitary forest," which appears, on the surface, to be highly efficient.

Unfortunately, time has proved that a sanitary forest is very prone to insect-borne disease. Dirty forests are much healthier. The old-fashioned, cluttered forest is a fine habitat for birds. The new one offers them no shelter. Insects multiply to the maximum, and the forest grows sick. One swallow eats a minimum of 500 flying insects every day. A redstart pair feeds its young from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m., approximately every five minutes, for a minimum of 1,200 crawling and flying bugs a day.

The simple, modern way to get rid of the insects would be to spray the forests with insecticides, but the Washington State Department of Natural Resources never has believed, praise be, in large-scale use of sprays and now is helping the birds. It is an old idea in Europe, where the tidy forests of Bavaria have

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been kept disease-free for 40 years by encouraging birds to live in them. Now in Capitol Forest, southwest of Olympia, Hubert Hoffman, a German immigrant who has been a state forester for the past five years, is well launched on a four-year plan to bring the birds back to the forests. Inmates of the state's youth honor camps are busy building birdhouses from scrap wood.

"The whole project so far has cost less than the price of five pounds of spray," says Hoffman, who has been assisted by the Olympia Audubon Society, Boy Scouts and conservation groups. "This thing you say about 'eating like a bird'—They eat like wolves."

#### ARRIVEDERCI, DIMAGGIO

After all these years of Pinellis, Berras, Antonellis, Lazzeris, Crosettas, Colavitos and Amalfitanos—not to mention a couple of DiMaggios—it has at last occurred to the Cincinnati Reds that Italiancan play baseball. While other teams plow the recruiting areas of the Caribbean, Mexico, Canada and to a trifling extent Japan, the Reds are going directly to the source of all these sons of Italy, to Italy itself. Rino DeBenedetti, who had a cup of instant coffee with Pittsburgh's Pirates in 1949 and since has been an insurance salesman and Cincy scout, is spending six weeks in Italy to establish what is intended to be the first of a series of baseball schools.

Italian kids will be told how much money Joe DiMaggio made. Using this as inspiration, the Reds expect that in five years, perhaps, they will start to bring their *pavanes* to the U.S. and may even change their name to the Cincinnati Romans.

#### THEY SAID IT

- John Bridgers, Baylor football coach, on his school's hopes for its first Southwest Conference football championship since 1924: "It took Moses 40 years to lead the children of Israel out of the wilderness. Our goal is just to tie him; we can't beat him."
- Gene Oliver, Milwaukee infielder, explaining how the Braves beat the Dodgers' Don Drysdale, whom they accused of throwing a spitter: "We hit the dry side of the ball."
- Pepper Martin, ex-Cardinal third baseman, after hearing a speech by Houston Colt .45 President Roy Hofheinz: "He is such an eloquent talker he reminds me of Branch Rickey and Daniel Webster."

END

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# THE BIG SELLOUT

*Television is supposed to report, comment on and explain baseball, and in that role it has rendered signal service to the sports fan. Henceforth it will also own baseball—to the point of virtually controlling the American League.*

*This sorry situation came about last week when it was announced that the Columbia Broadcasting System had bought four-fifths of professional baseball's biggest property, the New York Yankees, for \$11,200,000. The conspiracy was silently engineered and rapidly executed. Seven of the other nine American League owners, most of whom have long been subservient to the Yankees, approved the sale, apparently without any debate.*

*The commissioner of baseball, Ford Frick, who was on vacation, claimed he knew nothing of the deal; some hours later he issued his approval. By fascinating coincidence, Frick's tenure had been extended a few days before the announcement.*

*Uneasy fans joked wryly, wondered if Yogi Berra would have to put on greasepaint before going to the mound, or sighed: "Guess NBC will have to buy the Mets." But the cracks had a hollow sound.*

*Baseball, of course, has long been big business, but for millions of Americans it managed to remain a sport as well. Now that status is threatened. As of last week the American League had fallen into the clammy grip of show business—and mediocre show biz, at that.*

## THE PUPPETS

*The polling of the owners used less time than it takes to play a game. Joe Cronin phoned or wired them because, as Cronin told Minnesota's Cal Griffith, "That's what CBS asked me to do." Griffith needed only 15 minutes to decide, whereas Cleveland's Gabe Paul "gave it quite a bit of thought," about three hours. Lea MacPhail of Baltimore had "no reservations at all," while Washington's Jim Johnston considered CBS "a very responsible buyer." The other three owners who voted yes fled from sight, making themselves "unavailable for comment."*



MINNESOTA'S GRIFFITH



BALTIMORE'S MACPHAIL



DETROIT'S FETZER



BOSTON'S YAWKEY



WASHINGTON'S JOHNSTON



EMPIRE BUILDER PALEY



NONCOMMISSIONER FRICK



CONSPIRATOR CROWN

## THE PLOTTERS

Upon acquiring 80% of the Yankees, CBS Chairman William S. Paley said he considered this a constructive contribution to sport. Commissioner Ford Frick said the whole thing was news to him. League President Cronin said the details would have to come from the Yankees. Ford Frick said it was news to him. Bill Paley insisted that pay television was not a motivating consideration in the purchase. Frick said it was news to him.



CLEVELAND'S PAUL

LOS ANGELES' AUSTRY



CHICAGO'S ALLYN

KANSAS CITY'S FINLEY

## THE MAVERICKS

Arthur Alyn of Chicago and Charlie Finley of Kansas City stood alone against the other seven owners. "It's just another perfect example of the sheenigans between Crown and the Yankee," Finley roared. Alyn objected to the speed of the sale, later claimed it was illegal.

CONTINUED



## BUT CBS MAY HAVE BOUGHT A LOSER

*Yogi Berra is worried, and rightly so. After all, CBS let Walter Cronkite out, and his team only finished second in a three-team league. Last week Manager Berra's Yankees were in third, the losers in Part I of the American League's August round robin among the three contenders. The Yankees had been on top when the showdown began, but quickly dipped behind Baltimore and Chicago. Berra's worries — "We picked a helluva time to go into a slump" — were legitimate. His big man, Mickey Mantle (left), led the slump in the first series and was injured twice, the second time after he had parked up with such feats as a 305-foot home run. But Yankee power? They were seventh in the league in HRs. And the pitching was inconsistent. Whitey Ford's mysterious hip ailment was no better. The Yanks' best pitching came from a kid named Mel Stottlemyre, who was hurry-upped from Richmond. He won his first two starts. If there was solace, it was in history: not since 1948 have the Yankees been so close to the top so late in the season and failed to win the pennant.*

CONTINUED



## BALTIMORE HAS THAT WINNING LOOK

*"PENNANT FEVER" the sign says, but if this thing in Baltimore is merely a fever, the plague was just a bug going around. To see—and believe—their first-place Orioles, 138,734 fans showed up at Memorial Stadium for three Yankees games, and not even the loss of two of them could dampen their spirits. Manager Hank Bauer (left) insisted that he was not thinking about the pennant yet, but no one took him seriously. Brooks Robinson, the most valuable player in the league this season, admit-*



ted: "I have these fantasies. I keep thinking, if we win this thing, I'll never want to win again. I'm sure I would want to win again, but that's the way I feel now." Robinson continued to lead the Orioles, hitting five home runs in six games, the biggest a three-run smash off Yankee Reliever Steve Hamilton (below). There was the difference—in the bullpen. Baltimore's fantastic 22-8 record in one-run games was largely due to its Three Musketeers—Hervey Haddix, Dick Hall and Stu Miller. For power, Robinson and Boog Powell were getting help from rookie Sam Bowens. Bowens was turning out to be the rare rookie who improves under pressure. His playing was a clear sign that the team, like the town, has the fever, too.



# SAIL IT NOW, SINK IT LATER

*A new business is booming along the waterfronts that makes it possible for an innocent landlubber to rent a boat, read how to run it, put to sea on his own and in almost no time become a dangerous landlubber* **by HUGH WHALL**

**C**hartering a boat is an ancient and honorable transaction thanks to which a reputable and responsible yachtsman temporarily without a yacht can—with time, trouble and money, through the medium of his broker and with the advice and consent of various lawyers and insurance underwriters—sail away in another man's boat.

In recent years, however, a menacing variation on this traditional gambit has cropped up along the waterfronts. This is boat rental, or, as it might better be called, "instant charter"—or just plain "U-Sink-It." It is based on the highly questionable premise that anyone who can rent or drive a car can rent or drive a boat, and it generates an alarm that borders on panic in coast guardsmen, insurance agents and genuine yachtsmen.

Despite the fact that companies devoted to drive-yourself boat rentals tend to close almost as fast as they open because of the prohibitive cost of insurance, new ones bursting with optimism still appear. It is significant that one of the most optimistic of all has just opened up in that cloud-cuckoo land, the New York World's Fair, and that it is licensed by the Avis Company, which is only No. 2 in car rentals—and apparently doesn't know when it's well off.

If you are 21 or over, can drive a car, know your right from your left and can tell the difference between land and water, Avis will rent you for a day or a week a 28-foot cabin cruiser worth approximately \$11,000 and powered by 130 impatient mechanical horses, eager to trample on anyone in their way. Says the instruction sheet handed to every customer with blue water in his eyes and a yen to skipper his own yacht, "We offer a safe, comfortable and exciting vacation afloat for those who have never operated a boat or for seasoned

skippers." If—as seems likely—your knowledge of the rules of the road (i.e., the vitally important basic traffic laws of navigation) is slight, you get a little booklet called *Anchors Aweigh! A Family Guide to Boating*. In case you find yourself on collision course at flank speed with a \$350,000 yacht or the *Queen Elizabeth*, all you have to do is pick up *Family Guide* and turn to page 11.

"We don't care if the man who rents our boat can read a compass," says Sidney Ochs, one of the optimists who runs the show. "We sell visual navigation, and if he's in doubt, we tell him to go to the nearest buoy"—on the chance, presumably, that someone will be sitting on the buoy to tell him what to do next.

The 28-foot single-screw cabin cruiser that Avis rents has four or five bunks and comes complete with all the life jackets and other gear specified by the U.S. Coast Guard. Avis supplies other gear that is not required, such as a spatula, bottle opener, scouring powder, percolator, small pot and a marine compass for those who can read it. The fee per day is \$60 (on weekdays) or \$75 (on Saturday or Sunday, when the traffic is heavy). For a week the charge is \$300. A slight additional fee covers such things as disposable sheets, pillows, towels or extra life preservers, and the renter pays for all the gasoline he burns.

All of Avis' boats were designed with one thought in mind: indestructibility. They are made of steel almost as tough as armor plate. A special V strut guards the propeller and a heavy wooden shoe protects the rudder and bottom. The engine nestles in a separate water- and fume-tight compartment. "We once had an engine explode," boasts Ochs proudly, "and all that happened was the hatches blew off. The boat didn't leak a drop."

Paul Emerson, who runs Sportsman



Yacht Rentals in Newport Beach, Calif., a whole continent away, is far less trusting than Ochs. "We take customers out to see if they can operate a boat," he says. "And if they can't, we won't rent." Emerson's caution has helped Sportsman Rentals build a small, steady clientele of repeaters, but it hasn't given him much confidence for the future. "This is our third year in business," he says. "We'll try it one more year and if we don't make it big, that will be it."

What's killing Emerson is the \$10 extra a day he has to charge for insurance, and the likelihood of the rate staying that low is small. One day not long ago a happy family of novice boaters rented a craft from Sportsman Rentals to go to Catalina. "When they got back," says Paul, "the bottom was loose. They had broken the hard top of the cabin. The front windshield was gone. The steps were broken off. The dinette table had no





legs and a charcoal burner they used for a cookout had burned a hole in the deck." Insurance payoff: \$800.

One renter who has managed to survive in the drive-yourself boat business because of his own salt-horse intuition is 57-year-old Tony Cerqua of Atlantic Highlands, N.J. Tony owns 18 husky, red-topped, black-hulled boats with Tony's U-Drive-It emblazoned on their sides, and he has been in the rental business for 16 years with the loss of only one boat.

A closet-sized wheelhouse rooted up from some ancient vessel and plopped down on a dock, Tony's headquarters is crammed with old pumps, solenoids, batteries, fishing rods and foul-weather gear. It is a far cry from the plush headquarters at Avis, but its air can dissipate the phony front of a novice in seconds. Before renting a boat, Tony puts prospective customers through his own particu-

lar brand of inquisition. "We won't let no greenhorns out there even if they stand on their heads and beg me. 'If you want to kill yourself go out and do it in your car,' I tell them." But even tough Tony has to admit that "once in a while a jerk does slip through our fingers. Then we got troubles."

Oddly enough, even though sailboats are far trickier to handle, the business of renting sailboats is less risky than renting powerboats. One reason is that people who can't sail usually know it. But not always. One man who claimed to have served his apprenticeship in "70-foot sloops" rented a fast racing catamaran from Jerry Wood of Annapolis Boat Rental, Inc., got in irons a few yards off the dock and somehow managed to sail backwards the full length of a creek until he ran aground.

Since the ground in question was a mudbank and the boat was ruggedly

built, no harm was done except to the skipper's ego and Wood's nerves. At sea, however, such nutty navigation might have proved far from funny. The real menace of the instant yachtsman is not to the man who rents the boat or even to the insurance company. It is to other yachtsmen.

U-Drive-It boat operations are virtually free of all governmental control. Adequate insurance coverage protects the renter. But it offers small comfort to the experienced sailor who, in a sudden fog or quick squall, finds himself rammed by the instant skipper who can't read a compass or who thinks he has the right of way when he hasn't. It offers even less comfort to the coast guardman who may have to risk his life rescuing the fool. As one Coast Guard commander said helplessly, "There is no way to prevent anyone from going out in a boat. We can only caution them." **END**

## THE FURIOUS FUN OF PINKIE AND PAT

*America's top women racing drivers are small and feminine, but they are tigers—as at Marlboro on Sunday—when battling racing men. In workaday life both have blossoming careers* **by BARBARA H. LaFONTAINE**

Pat's going to do all the repair work," Pinkie Rollo said, "I'm going to get out and hit it with a hammer." Mrs. Rollo, 32, and Miss Patricia Mernone, 24, the two best women auto-racing drivers in the U.S., were preparing for last Sunday's 12-hour endurance run for small sedans at Upper Marlboro, Md. They were driving for Peugeot of France, and across the luncheon table Peugeot public relations people blanched at Pinkie's proposed method of dealing with their babe. She continued blithely, "I don't like to think about the insides of my cars. Whenever something goes wrong, that's time enough to think about it. This should be a fun weekend." She looked at the PR people, "Don't worry," she said considerably, "If we finish, that car will be right up where it should be."



During trials for 12-hour Marlboro race Chemist Pat Mernone (right) helps strap teammate Pinkie Rollo, a rehabilitation worker, into their Peugeot.

They finished, and well—fifth in their class and 10th overall, ahead of 17 teams of men drivers. What Pinkie said when a wheel cracked late in the race, costing 13 minutes for a replacement, was not recorded, and it is probably just as well that the wheel manufacturer was not around to hear. After that the brakes failed, and only Pinkie's skill kept the car on the course for the final hour.

Neither Pinkie nor Pat looks like a racing driver, if it may be said that there is any one way racing drivers look (husky? tough? leathery?). Both are small and feminine. Pinkie is a respectable five and a half feet tall but weighs only 113 pounds, and Pat, at 5 feet 2, weighs 100 on a fat day. Pinkie has driven sports cars competitively for nine years—Jaguars, MGs, Corvettes, Alfa Romeos and, at present, a Triumph Spitfire. She has been first in a Marlboro six-hour race and has only recently slipped from third to fourth in the national point standings for small racers like the Spitfire. Pat has had her foot on a racing throttle only since 1961 and has performed the remarkable feat of winning 70% of her races, all of them over men. She has been first, second or third 90% of the time and in her Morgan 4/4 is second in the Sports Car Club of America's Northeast divisional series.

"The two of them are taken seriously by their real competition," says their manager, Ed Grant. "It's only among the tag end of the pack that you run into any problem. Those guys are out there to wave at their girl friends, and I don't know what they say to them afterward when they've been bombed by a little 100-pound girl."

The little 100-pound girl lives at home in Washington with her parents, where she plays with her dog Tammy, makes most of her own clothes and drinks enormous quantities of Coca-Cola. For all of these gentle pursuits, Patricia is a tigress. She is serious about her racing, which she pursues with an almost adolescent fervor. "Pat always used to be concerned about the moment when she would be stuffing metal into metal," says Grant, perhaps a trifle luridly, "but when a guy in an Abarth coupe really leaned on her, she didn't give."

Driving in Washington traffic with Patricia is not for the feeble-hearted. "You have to treat driving in traffic as a game, or a challenge," she explained the other day, immediately putting her phi-

losophy into practice in a Sunbeam which she calls Eustace. "Otherwise you won't get anywhere in the rush hour. Come on, stupid! This car is stupid!" She brightened. "Watch this!" Zoom, across the tail of a stout, middle-aged Ford went Eustace. "Oh, my father is right," she said. "One of these days I'm going to get thrown into jail. My father took me to see my first sports car race at Marlboro. That was in May of 1961, and in September the two of us were in race-driving school. My father thought it would improve his rally driving." Pat decided to give up rallying for racing, on the interesting ground that racing is safer. "In rallying you get lost and have to do wild things at night to catch up."

Pat got something real to race when an aunt came to visit—an aunt on the paternal, or competitive, side of the family. She watched Pat race a tiny Austin-Healey Sprite, and afterward materialized in the pits, asking her what she wanted for Christmas. Pat and her mechanic huddled and decided that she wanted a Morgan. Pat's aunt gave her the Morgan, but she supports it herself—as an organic microanalytical chemist. All in all, Pat Mcmone is not frivolous.

Frivolous is precisely the word applied to Pinkie, by people who do not know her well, because of her waggish tongue. As she puts it, "I'm not one of those Briggs Cunningham types, up at 6 doing calisthenics." A freckle-faced redhead born Marianne Wheatley, Pinkie trained and showed horses from the time she was 6 until her first husband's interest in sports car racing rubbed off on her. Her present husband, Reed Rolio, also drives, or did until he wrecked his last car. "That's the guard rail where he smashed the Cooper," Pinkie said at Marlboro. "This is the rail I hit. We're going to paint them 'His' and 'Hers.'"

Pinkie got her second marriage off to what might have seemed an auspicious start when, at Marlboro in 1962, she crashed and damaged two things dear to her husband: her own face and his Alfa Romeo Veloce. "He's wonderful about it," Pinkie says. "No matter how bad a fight gets, Reed never says, 'You smashed up my car.'"

"I was passing this guy, and I don't think he liked to be passed by a girl, though we've had drinks with him since, and he denies it. But he got into a fit or something and put his foot on the floor.

He ran into the guard rail. I thought he was going over; I could see the whole bottom of his car. But he didn't. He came back down and hit my right rear fender. It disintegrated his car. He wasn't hurt, but then our car went into the guard rail. I had a terrible concussion. My nose was fragmented. The break went so far up it was almost a skull fracture—and my forehead was one gigantic hematoma and my upper lip was gone. It was cut down and across, and just hanging. It hurt. Then I went through this phase when I just said, 'Get me a veil. Draw the blinds. Everybody sit over there.' Camille."

Today Pinkie is cheerful. No sign of the accident is left except a small curved scar above her upper lip, and that can be sanded away when she has the time. "I look the same," she says, "if you don't *really* look. But it disturbs me. Let's face it, you're used to looking the way you look, and you're not very interested in looking like somebody else, even if it's Elizabeth Taylor. What it really is, my nose is more turned up. They do these things under a local anesthetic, and I could hear the surgeon saying to the nurses, 'How does that look?' and they'd say, 'Oh, I don't know.' 'You've got an awfully pug nose,' he told me. 'How would you like it a little classical?' I just said, 'Do something.'"

Pinkie is Placement Officer for Goodwill Industries in the District of Columbia, where she has complete responsibility for all placement of rehabilitated persons in the Washington area. She has been at it since November, but not as a consequence of her own accident. "It wasn't conscious at all, though I do find I relate well to some kinds of handicapped people," she says. "I worked in a personnel agency before and found myself working with the handicapped people, and in November I got into placement work with Goodwill."

It is a tough job, and the evidence is that Pinkie is first-rate. "You have to take them out by the hand and say, 'Here he is. I know he's got a criminal record for assaulting little children, but you're going to love him.' We're trying to change our image here at Goodwill from a lot of little Methodists to more of a Peace Corps type of group."

As for the image of Pinkie and Pat at the racecourses—two sprightly women who will give anyone a scrap—no change is contemplated.

END

Sailboat races are not always to the swift. In "Constellation" and "American Eagle" the U.S. has two potential cup defenders, either of which could no doubt hold her own against Britain's "Sovereign" and "Kurruwa" (see cover and page 27) if speed were the only criterion. During the next three weeks, therefore, as it tries to decide which of the two new yachts to pick as defender or whether to pass both of them by in favor of old "Neferiti" or older "Columbia," the U.S. selection committee will be less concerned with a boat's speed when she is footing than with her crew's behavior in the jibes, tacks and sail changes—the seconds when alacrity on deck and a skipper's split-second judgment are what matter most. Properly handled, the spinnaker heading aloft in a tight bundle on "Eagle's" lee side as she nears a windward mark in the picture opposite may open at the precise moment necessary to give her a huge downwind advantage over her opponent. On the other hand, impatience, clumsiness, an order barked too soon or too late may turn the big chute into a vast, flapping handicap. As shown on the following pages, the crews of "Eagle" and "Constellation" have practiced maneuvers like these in turn after turn during race after race, knowing that only by their near perfect execution can the cup be successfully defended.

## THE MOMENTS THAT WIN RACES





Safely round a weather mark, "Eagle" gets her spinnaker drawing as "Constellation" pursues, close-hauled on the wind.









For the first time in the century-old history of America's Cup racing, the challenging boat from overseas will be selected only after a grueling schedule of trials in U.S. waters—the waters in which the winning boat will race for the cup itself. Last week, as the trials began, the sleek, blue 12-meter Sovereign beat her pale-green rival Kurrewa V to the finish three times. At Sovereign's helm was a British yachtsman as articulate as he is versatile. The son of famed Polar Explorer Robert Scott, Peter Scott (below) is a noted explorer in his own right. He is also an author, a painter, a former champion dinghy sailor,

a former champion glider pilot, the president of the International Yacht Racing Union, a naval hero who won a D.S.C. while in command of an English motor patrol boat in World War II and an ornithologist who has amassed the greatest collection of living wild geese ever assembled.

Right now Scott has a full-time job trying to steer Sovereign to victory over Skipper Sting Perry and Kurrewa V in the trials off Newport for the honor of being the 1984 challenger. On these pages, he tells what this tant competition has meant to the British effort and what it now means to the contest for the cup itself.

## WE MEAN TO TAKE IT BACK

BY PETER SCOTT

The schooner *America* sailed to England 113 years ago to win an ornate silver jug for a race around the Isle of Wight. Not long afterward this trophy passed into the custody of the New York Yacht Club, and in the intervening period 18 yachts have come to the United States to challenge for it, and 18 times failed. Does this mean that the goal is unattainable? Certainly not. But it suggests that the task is rather difficult.

A challenge for the America's Cup is an act of faith—a belief that what for so long has seemed unattainable can in fact be attained if the effort is great enough, if the yacht is well enough designed and built, if the sails are well enough made, if the crew is well enough trained. It is a challenge in more senses than one, like the challenge to climb Everest or to discover the North and South Poles. There must be a first time, runs the argument, why not this time if we try harder than ever before?

I suppose a competitor in any sport these days must have some sort of a quick answer to the question: "What are your chances?" One approach is to elasp his hands over his head in the manner of some boxers and say with all the confidence at his command that he is bound to win. At the other end of the scale is the admission that if he is going to win

at all he will need all the luck he can get because it is going to be very difficult indeed.

As skipper of *Sovereign*, I find my approach to the 19th challenge perhaps nearer to the second than to the first. But if we are realistic enough to know the difficulty of our task, we do not lack confidence or determination. There are, we think, good and solid reasons for believing we have a better chance than our 18 predecessors. The most important of these is that for the first time the challenging yacht club has two new boats to choose from. The U.S. has always had at least two and sometimes up to five actively participating candidates from which to select the right boat and the best crew to meet a solitary and largely untested challenger. This year Britain's challenging club, the Royal Thames, has two new 12-meters, *Sovereign* and *Kurrewa V*, both designed by David Boyd and built at Robertson's shipyard in Scotland.

They are almost identical except for minor differences in their keels and the layout of their decks. *Sovereign* began racing in the middle of last summer and has been constantly at sea since April 1 this year. *Kurrewa V*, on the other hand, first went sailing on May 3 of this year. In three sharply fought series of races near the Isle of Wight in May and June, honors were almost even at 10 races to *Kurrewa*, nine to *Sovereign*, while a short, informal race for television was won by *Sovereign* to square the official score. The two boats are evenly matched. This



HI RSPINNAK I R S E T and lifting mch, the problem aboard *Constitution* now is to clear away the momentarily useless genoa

BY PETER SCOTT



## AMERICA'S CUP continued

is proved not only by the final score but by almost every race. In their next-to-last meeting in British waters the two boats sailed for six hours in a fluky wind that twice swung through 180° like a pendulum. At the end *Sovereign* crept over the line a scant 11 seconds ahead—half a boat's length.

Having flexed their muscles in the Solent, both boats were then shipped to the U.S. to resume competition at the scene where the cup races will be held, in the waters for which they have so carefully been prepared.

That both boats will have had some weeks of sailing in the waters off Newport is another important innovation over previous challenges. Each stretch of coast and shoreline has its own peculiari-

ties. The seas, and particularly the swell, off Newport are almost unique. I believe Australia's Sydney Harbor has comparable conditions, and from Sydney Harbor in 1962 came *Gretel* to put up one of the best challenges to date. Certainly Newport's ocean swell differs from the strongly tidal and rather shallow waters off England's south coast which have spawned 15 unsuccessful challengers. Since 1958, when *Sceptre* made the first challenge in the 12-meter class, 10 of these boats have been built—three in Britain, one in Australia and six in the United States. Throughout these years David Boyd, who designed *Sceptre* as well as the new boats, has carefully watched the changes in hull shape. His latest design, laboriously tested with models in a tank, represents a skillful blend of all the developments which

have proved successful. But the rigid international 12-meter formula severely limits the scope of a designer's originality. The component that may make the biggest difference this year is sails.

In 1962 the Australian challenger, *Gretel*, used almost exclusively sails made by the American sailmaker Ted Hood, who had made most of the sails for the defender, *Weatherly*, as well. Hood's sails, which are made from cloth he himself weaves, were at that time probably the best in the world, and it is doubtful if *Gretel* could have come so near to success without them. It is not only the cut of the sail that is important, but the actual weaving of the cloth, which must hold its shape during the strenuous pressures of racing. Australian sailmakers even took Hood cloth apart, thread by thread, to try to analyze the weaving

**CLOSE TO COLLISION** In a trial race off Newport, Helmsman Scott tacks sharply to keep clear of rival *Kareena* even though the rule book says that *Sovereign* has right-of-way.



process, but were unable to duplicate it.

After the *Gretel* challenge, the New York Yacht Club amended the deed of gift of the America's Cup, which has always insisted that a competing yacht must be designed and built in the country of origin of the challenge. The new version expanded the word built to include components, fitting and sails. There can be no American-made sails, not even American-made cloth, on the 19th challenger.

In 1958 when *Columbia* so easily beat *Scorpion* in four straight races, it was my view as spectator that most of the difference was caused by sails. And this was not necessarily because *Scorpion* did not possess better sails than she wore, but because too often she chose to hoist rather heavier sails than were needed for the weather on the day. Just having a

locker full of good sails is not enough. You must use the right size, weight and shape of sail, the right combination of sails and then sail the boat properly under them. Steering an ideal course is not always possible in the long swells off Newport. *Sovereign* may be able to sail efficiently as close into the wind as 30°, and for that angle she might wear a rather flat jib and mainsail. But in heavy weather I might have to sail her at perhaps 35° in order to drive her through the steep seas which tend to stop her. At that angle she would need slightly fuller-cut sails. The same kind of considerations hold true of spinnakers. In a calm sea we can carry a large chute and manage to hold it steadily enough to keep it drawing usefully.

In rough seas as the hull rolls and pitches, the top of the mast may be swinging through an arc of 60° and the course may yaw through 30°, both of which greatly upset the delicate balance of a large spinnaker. In that case it may be wiser to carry a small one which gives less power but can give it consistently, without frequently collapsing as a larger one does. Sails are the power which drives the boat. As such they are the most important component of all, and the component in which there may be the greatest variation between one boat and another. Sails made by Bruce Banks, a member of *Sovereign's* afterguard, or by Franklin Ratsey Woodroffe of the long-established firm of Ratsey & Laphorn, or by Austin Farrar of Sealhouse Sails may not only be just as good—they may be even better than the current American designs.

Another innovation this year which may put the challenger and defender on more equal terms is the introduction of the Olympic course. In recent cup matches they have used alternately a six-mile windward-leeward course twice around, followed in the next race by a triangular course of eight miles to a side. The Olympic course, which will be used for all the races this year, is a triangle, then a windward-leeward round and a final windward leg to the finish. The total distance is still approximately 24 miles, but the pattern and the shorter distance between marks will make a con-

siderable difference in the type of race. There are more marks to be rounded; five instead of two as in the old single triangle, or three in the windward-leeward. Next, there will be more windward work lumped together. The two old courses gave 42' windward work. The new course gives 59' windward work and ends with a beat, which may make a significant difference in the result. Finally, each leg of the course is much shorter, the longest being only 4½ miles. A superior windward boat might gain two minutes on the first eight-mile leg of the old triangle and be almost uncatchable even by a boat which was better off the wind. The shorter legs will keep the boats closer together throughout the race because the same superiority to windward over only 4½ miles instead of eight would mean a lead of only just over one minute. This in turn would put the trailing boat within striking distance. The same effect is even more important on the running leg: the boat close astern with the capacity to get between the leader and the wind and thereby blanket her gives the trailing boat the initiative. So the Olympic course will serve to make the races more interesting and exciting for competitors and spectators alike. It requires, however, more than a casual knowledge of the rule book as close-quarter racing increases the chances of minor misjudgment, which can lead to a protest for infringement of one or another of the rather complicated code of yacht-racing rules.

Contrary to some other forms of sport, a protest in yachting rarely reflects on sportsmanship nor does it indicate any deliberate attempt to cheat. Nautical right-of-way rules are designed to keep vessels clear of each other so as to avoid collision. But yacht racing inevitably brings them close together in the needle-sharp competition, and there are certain areas of the racing rules—they have been called the twilight zones—where it is not immediately certain which of two or more rules may hold precedence. In the case of some of the twilight zones, it may be desirable to seek an interpretation beforehand from the race committee of the New York Yacht Club, for these are the situations when an honest differ-

*continued*



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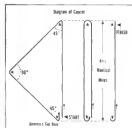


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## AMERICA'S CUP

ence of opinion can arise which is only resolved by reference to the race committee acting as a panel of judges.

Unfortunately, in yachting there are no minor penalties for minor infringements. Disqualification is the only solution if any infringement is proved to the race committee. For instance, invoking Rule 34, which is concerned with misleading or haling, raises differences of opinion among experienced helmsmen as to rights. To prevent an unfortunate incident it would be useful for the 12-meter skippers to understand exactly



THE NEW CUP COURSE combines the old triangle and windward-leeward courses. The boats start at the buoy for a 4½-mile beat, reach along two legs of a triangle, then windward, leeward and windward to finish.

how the New York Yacht Club interprets this rule, which is particularly applicable during the maneuvering before the start. The risk of misunderstanding is too great, and the slightest hesitation when two 12-meters, each weighing 35 tons, are headed straight at each other at a closing speed of 20 mph (i.e., 10 mph for each boat) could lead to an uncomfortable situation. Races can be won, however, by invoking the right rule at the right moment.

In the first race here against *Aurora*, we won by the use of one of the simplest and most basic rules in the book. Rule 42, which states that the outside yacht shall give each yacht overlapping her on the inside room to round or pass a mark. *Aurora* was overtaking *Sovereign* by blanketing her on the run to the final mark which had to be left to port. Both boats were on the starboard jibe. Before they reached the mark, by keeping



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far to leeward *Sovereign*, at the right moment, invited *Karrewa* to overtake her to windward. If she could get right through and clear ahead she could go around the mark in the lead, if she could not get clear ahead she must leave room for *Sovereign* to go around first. By careful timing *Karrewa* was persuaded to take the gamble and failed to get clear ahead by only three feet. This meant she had to fall away to leeward, and 60 seconds later she was half a minute astern. Had *Karrewa* made that last three feet *Sovereign* would have been the same amount astern of her.

All the hull speed and well-fitting sails in the world will make no difference if the rule book gives the advantage to the other boat.

Because of the glare of publicity falling upon the contestants it must always be an America's Cup skipper's prayer that no twilight zones will descend upon him in the course of the hard-fought struggle. Somehow he must sail an aggressive all-out race, saving split seconds wherever he can, taking his opponents' wind whenever the opportunity arises and yet contriving to run no risk of infringing the rules. If he is racing to the limit, he cannot, in my view, guarantee to avoid all twilight zones. If either boat decides that it must go to the judges for a ruling it is my earnest hope that it will not lead to ill-feeling and bitterness, perhaps exacerbated by those who do not understand the implications of the yachtsman's protest flag.

There will be close racing, I prophesy, in the selection trials of both challenger and defender. We hope the cup races will be no less closely contested. No finer or fairer testing ground exists than the waters around the America's Cup buoy, which has been laid nine miles southeast of the Brenton Reef light. This special patch of ocean provides our arena. In it the two yachts will do battle for the best of seven races. Whether the challenge succeeds or not, the America's Cup is secure in the unique position it holds in the realms of yachting and of world sport.

If, as we intend, it returns with us across the Atlantic, we shall defend it stoutly. Whether future challenges take place in British or American or Australian waters, or even elsewhere in the world, the luster of this famous trophy insures that there will be keen racing for it far into the future.

END

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EVANESCE

# GREASY NEALE: NOTHING TO PROVE, NOTHING TO ASK

A man who played football with Jim Thorpe, hit .357 against the Black Sox and coached the Philadelphia Eagles to two pro championships manages to be unusual even at a cocktail party: interesting, that is

by GERALD HOLLAND

Tall, silver-haired, straight as a goal-post, Alfred Earle (Greasy) Neale stood out in the group that had gathered around him at one of the cocktail parties arranged to enliven the annual meeting of the National Football League. His rugged face, normally wearing a deceptive half scowl, was relaxed in a delighted smile as he greeted old friends and some of the men who had played under him when he was coaching the Philadelphia Eagles.

Greasy put a paternal arm around the shoulder of Albie Sherman, coach of the New York Giants, drafted by the Eagles from Brooklyn College back in 1943. Albie was too small to get much attention as a quarterback, but he says now that it was what he learned from Greasy that made him decide he might have a chance as a coach.

"This boy used to get discouraged during his first season with the Eagles," said Greasy, patting Sherman on the back. "He came to me one time and said, 'I'll never make it as a player, I'm not big enough,' he says, 'and I can't take much more of you yelling at me.' Now what did I say to that, Albie?"

Albie smiled and said, "I believe you said that when you stopped yelling at me it would mean that you had lost interest."

Greasy slapped Sherman's shoulder. "Exactly right," he said. "I recognized that you were a serious student of the game and that you had real possibilities as a coach. You got your chance to show what you could do when we sent you to take over as coach of the team in Paterson, N.J. We didn't own that club, but we were interested in it. Do you recall, Albie, what I told you when you left for Paterson?"

"You gave me a lot of good advice, Greasy," said Sherman. "I often think that you were ahead of your time in many ways. We're still using some of your ideas—with a few modifications, of course—in the pro game. You were an original thinker, and you had a concept and an understanding of the game that went a lot deeper than formations and plays that might change from time to time."

"I told this boy," said Greasy, looking around the circle, "I told this boy that if he could come up to Saturday night and could feel in his heart and bones that he had done everything within his power to make every man understand clearly what the game plan was and what each player's assignment was, if he had gone over this time and time again until he was absolutely certain about every detail, why then, I told this

boy, he could put his head on that pillow and hush worry from his mind."

"You said something else, Greasy," said Albie.

Greasy grinned and rubbed his chin. "Yes," he said, "I told you to put a pad and pencil on the table next to your bed, because you probably wouldn't sleep a wink and might get some good ideas while you were tossing around all night. Well, whatever you did, Albie, it was right, because you won your league championship that year. And that was just the start of a great career for you."

"Albie," said a fat man, elbowing his way to the center of the group, "I was reading your book, *Albie Sherman's Book of Football* where you explain about Greasy's theory on not wasting downs. Greasy put it to you—correct me if I'm wrong here, Greasy—what would you do, he says, if you gain nine yards on first down about midfield, I believe. You said you'd call a running play to get the yard and first down, Greasy said. . . ."

"I said," interrupted Greasy, "'No, Albie. In a case like that, you try a long pass. The rules give you four tries to make 10 yards. If you go for that one yard on second down, you're wasting a couple of downs and you'll never get them back.'"

The fat man stroked his bald head as



GREASY OFTEN VISITS THE NEW YORK GIANTS' OFFICE WITH HIS PERT POODLE BIANGO

if it had hair on it. "What I was going to ask you, Allie, had you ever heard that theory put just that way before?"

"It was new to me at the time," said Allie.

"I'll tell you," said Greasy, "how new it was to me. I was playing with the Canton Bulldogs against Youngstown in 1917. Jim Thorpe was coaching the team, but he wasn't playing that day. We came up to Youngstown's 22-yard line on a third down with one to go. In the huddle our quarterback, Milt Ghee, an All-America from Dartmouth, said, 'Greasy, what will we do?' I said to pass.

Frank Mount Pleasant, our left half-back, an Indian from Carlisle, said, 'No, let's buck the line for the one yard and the first down.' I told him what I told Allie, 'We'll get that yard on the next down if the pass fails.' I said, Frank granted O.K. Well, sir, Ghee throws me a pass into the flat, and I get away with only Tommy Hughitt of Michigan, then safety man, between me and the goal line. At the five-yard line Hughitt leaves his feet for the tackle, and I leave my feet at the same time. Hughitt goes under me, I land on his shoulder in the old baseball roll and come up and I walk

the few yards for a touchdown. We win the game from Youngstown 13 and nothing. That was without Thorpe, mind you. But getting back to that idea about not wasting downs. I spoke on that subject at the coaches' convention in New Orleans in 1938. I told the coaches, 'Any able-bodied boy who can count up to 10 can learn to be quarterback.'"

"Greasy," a man asked, "was Jim Thorpe as great as they claim?"

"Greater," said Greasy. "Jim Thorpe could do anything. He could kick a ball 80 yards. That was the old pumpkin ball. He could have kicked today's ball 100 yards. There was only one man I saw who could stop Thorpe consistently. Nasty Nash from Rutgers. Played end on the Maxwell Tigers. Nasty Nash owned Thorpe, its they say. Wore a mustache. I guess that's why they called him Nasty. Looked like a villain in western movies. Weighed 202."

Somebody drew Allie Sherman away, and another onetime member of the Philadelphia Eagles backfield replaced him in the cocktail-party huddle.

"Hello, Coach," the new man said.

Greasy looked and beamed. "Bosh Pritchard," he cried. He turned to the others, "One of our great bucks when we won the NFL championship in '48 and '49. Got Bosh on waivers from Cleveland. Only cost us \$500. Weighed 162. Virginia Military Institute boy."

"Greasy," said Pritchard, "you've got the memory of an IBM computer."

"I never forget anything," said Greasy.

"Bosh, I was just recalling my days as a player. Now, the last game I played was in 1930. I was 39 years old and I hadn't played for 12 years. It was in Ironton, Ohio, and I was coaching the Tanks there. I decided to put myself in at end against Portsmouth—they were in the NFL then, later took over the Detroit franchise. I weighed 161. The backfield that was opposing us included Lumpkin, formerly of Georgia, who weighed 224. Then there was McLean from Iowa at 245, Glasgow, an All-America at Iowa, at 190, and Bennett from Indiana."

"How much did Bennett weigh?" said Pritchard.

*continued*

"Bennett," said Greasy, "weighed 193. Well, these were the kind of fellows who were coming around my end. Now, I had bet that I would play 60 minutes, and I had also bet that we would win. I took a terrible beating, but all I got that showed was a black eye. But I decided that game would be the grand finale of my playing career."

"Who won?" asked Pritchard.

"We did."

"What was the score?"

"The score was 16-15," said Greasy. "And we also beat two other NFL clubs in exhibitions, the Chicago Bears by a score of 27 to 13 and the New York Giants—with Benny Friedman at quarterback—13 to 12."

"Of course, professional football had not caught on with the fans in those days. Baseball was the big thing. Baseball was a much faster game at that time. Why, Christy Mathewson, pitching for the New York Giants, once pitched a game in 54 minutes. He would rarely take as much as an hour and a half. He wouldn't fuss around with the rosin bag, lurch up his pants, scratch himself and keep mopping his face with his sleeve. He would get the ball from the catcher and in a matter of seconds he would pitch. Of course, in those days when I was playing—I was in organized baseball eight years—a pitcher could do a lot of things he can't do today. He had a big assortment of pitches. The spit ball, the shine ball, so on and so forth. Now the pitcher can't use any of those pitches. But the umpires give him all the time he wants to get set. The game that Mathewson pitched in 54 minutes might run to three hours today. Doubleheaders can go on far into the night. I will tell you something. Despite the fact that I played the game myself, I find some madhouse games downright boring. I don't go out to see them. Oh, I'll watch them on the TV, but it has to be something special like Willie Mays being in town or Old Timers' Day to get me to the stadium. But, on the other hand, I wouldn't miss a pro football game here in New York. I've got a box for the Giants' home games. I take my physician and my dentist along as my guests. We enjoy those games. You can't get bored with pro football—it's an open game, fast, action every minute, spectacular plays. People love the pro game. Why, the Giants are sold out solid all the time."

Greasy declined a drink. "I used to drink nothing but rye whiskey," he said. "Here some years back I went to three football banquets in three nights. I drank rye whiskey all night long three nights running. Fourth day I had a hangover that must have registered on the seismographs. I swore off."

"Tell them how you got the films of the Chicago Bears' T formation when you were coaching the Eagles," Pritchard said.

"Oh, yes," said Greasy. "I had seen George Halas beat the Washington Redskins 73-0 with the T in the title playoff in 1940. I decided that I would scrap the single and double wing I had used in my collegiate and professional coaching if I could just get the full details of how Halas was using the T. Well, sir, I was having lunch with some old friends one day and—"

"Where did you eat, Greasy?" interrupted Pritchard.

"Parissien Restaurant, on 56th Street west of Eighth Avenue, New York City. At the table there was a fellow from the Fox Movietone News, and after we had ordered—I took the chicken pot pie—I got talking to this newsreel man and I said, 'I marvel at the way you fellows seem to catch the outstanding plays of every game in the few minutes you show on the screen. How are you able to do that?' The fellow said, 'Oh, we film the entire game and select the important plays from the complete footage.' I almost choked on my rye whiskey—this was before I swore off—and I said after a minute, 'Would you by any chance have the entire footage of that Bears-Redskins game?' The fellow said, yes certainly he did. I said, 'Could I buy it?' I was beginning to shake all over. You must remember this was before the days when teams began exchanging the game films. Well, to cut it short, I bought that film for \$156, and I believe I ran it three, four, five hours a day for three months in the apartment of Lex Thompson, the Eagles' owner, until I had it down pat. I made some alterations, of course, gave it some outside running strength. It was the T, adapted to our horses, that won us three divisional titles and our two NFL championships."

"Say, Greasy," said a man, pushing a young man through the group. "I'd like you to meet my son."

Greasy put out his hand. "Glad to know you, young fellow."

"Son," said the father, "you're shaking hands with the only man in history who did these three things—played in a World Series, took a team to the Rose Bowl and coached the Philadelphia Eagles to two national championships."

"What World Series, sir?" asked the young man.

"Why," said Greasy, "it was the famous Black Sox Series. I played right field for the Reds. That was the year of 1919. Long before you were born."

"Gee," exclaimed the young man, "that was before my father was born."

The father shushed him. "You led the Reds in hitting, Greasy. Right?"

"Right," said Greasy. "I hit .357. Got a triple off little Dick Kerr, the honest pitcher. Matter of fact, I think they were all honest after that first game. The ones in on the deal didn't get the payoff they were promised. The rest of the games were straight, I am convinced. Series went eight games, you know."

"What team did you take to the Rose Bowl, sir?" asked the young man.

"Washington and Jefferson," said Greasy. "We went through the season undefeated and were invited to go out and play the University of California. We weren't supposed to have a chance. Some experts predicted we'd lose by 28 points. I recall I was in the men's lounge of the hotel the morning of the game. I was incognito. I heard a loudmouthed fellow somewhere in the room yell out, 'I'm giving 14 points on California. Any takers?' I hollered back, 'California could start playing right now and play until sundown and they wouldn't score 14 points on us.' Well, the outcome was that we played a scoreless tie, held the California team to two first downs. It was a moral victory for W and J. Everybody, even the California sportswriters, agreed on that."

"Get that, son?" asked the father of the young man. "Played in a World Series, took a team out to the Rose Bowl and won two pro football championships."

The young man nodded. "Mr. Neale," he said, "how did you get the nickname of Greasy?"

Greasy put a hand on the young man's shoulder. "I'll tell you how that came about. There was a boy I grew up with in Parkersburg, W. Va., and he was a kind of Huckleberry Finn. His parents didn't pay him much mind or discipline him in any way. He wasn't too particular



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about his appearance, and one day I called him 'Dirty Face' or 'Dirty Neck' or some such thing, and he got even by calling me 'Greasy,' because I had worked for a time as a grease boy in a rolling mill. The other kids picked it up, and it stayed with me for life. Of course, some sportswriters wrote that the nickname referred to my elusiveness as a ballcarrier in football and a base runner in baseball. But it was that boy back home who gave me the name."

A big man who was walking around as if he owned the place stopped and slapped Greasy on the back. "The old .200 hitter," he told the group. "Only time he ever hit .300 was in a crooked World Series." He hurried on as Greasy called after him, "Got a triple off Dick Kerr, didn't I?"

Greasy pointed to the big man who was handshaking his way around the room. "That fellow," he said, "cracks that same joke every time I come in his place."

"Greasy," said the man who wasn't born when the Black Sox World Series was played, "let me ask you something else here. Allie Sherman said you were a great influence on him when he was with the Eagles. Now, before you went into pro ball, you coached at several colleges, I believe, and—"

Greasy held up a hand.

"Seven," he said. "Muskingum, West Virginia Wesleyan, Marietta, Washington and Jefferson, University of Virginia, West Virginia and Yale."

"What I was going to ask, Greasy, was—well, almost every successful coach had a mentor, so to speak. Allie Sherman had you, Fritz Crisler had Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago and—"

Greasy broke in: "I never had any mentor. Why, I coached the high school team I was playing on in Parkersburg, W. Va. We did have a real coach one season, though. Fellow named Bob Cooley who had played at Purdue. I don't think you could call him a mentor. But he asked me one day if I had ever done any kicking. I said I hadn't. He said, 'Well, just hold the ball out in front, keep your leg stiff and turn your toe in and down and go on and kick.' I followed instructions and punted the ball 45 yards in a perfect spiral. Did the team's kicking from then on. That was in the year of 1911. I guess that was about as close as I ever came to having a mentor. You couldn't call Jim Thorpe a mentor. Why,

we wouldn't see Thorpe when he was coaching the Canton Bulldogs until the day of the game. We didn't practice between games. Jim would give us three or four plays and then ask each man how long he thought he could play. Some would say 30 minutes, some 40 or 45. John Kellison, my line coach for more than 20 years, and I would always say, 'Put us down for 60 minutes, Jim.'"

Greasy pondered. "No," he said, "I can't think of any one man who was my mentor. Harry Stansbury, who was my teammate at West Virginia Wesleyan and later athletic director at West Virginia University when I was coaching there, always said I didn't have a mentor, that I was self-taught. He knew me as well or better than anyone else."

Suddenly Greasy raised an arm and waved to somebody across the room. "There's Art Rooney [owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers] over there. Art and I have a date for dinner tomorrow night and I've got to find out where we'll meet. Excuse me, gentlemen."

He moved easily through the crowd, clasping an outstretched hand now and again. He had the look of a man enjoying the kind of company he likes best, a man who had nothing to prove, nothing to ask.

He is independent, thanks to a life-long policy of saving half of every dollar he earned. His way of living is more than merely comfortable; he has a Park Avenue apartment in New York and he takes a house in Florida every season. He plays golf in the low 80s (every day in Florida, twice a week up North) and a lot of first-rate bridge. He is devoted to Bianco, a toy-size white poodle that accompanies him to practice sessions of the New York Giants in Fairfield, Conn., and games at Yankee Stadium and goes along on Greasy's frequent visits with Allie Sherman at the Giants' offices.

When Greasy had reached the far side of the room, his friend Art Rooney had something of interest to tell him. An official of one of the NFL clubs had just asked him, Rooney said, if he thought Greasy would be interested in returning to coaching. Rooney surmised correctly that, at 72, Greasy would not. "But," Art Rooney had said, "Greasy could. If he isn't up to the minute on the pro game, he would be in a week."

Which, Greasy himself said later, was the nicest thing he had heard at the cocktail party.

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## YEAR OF THE CAMPUS COWBOY

The heartiest perennial on the American campus scene, the look of the cowboy West, has had a big dose of Vigoro this summer. In Saint-Tropez the young Riviera cavorters—who often send fashion waves sweeping across the sportswear world—have forsaken last season's sailor garb for the guise of the gunslinger: pants that look perilously close to falling down, saved only by a silver-buckled belt. On the Boulevard Saint-Germain in the Paris student quarter, a new shop called Ranch sells calico couture, while around

the corner at the American Surplus Shop there is a run on genuine imported wheat-colored jeans. Back home in the U.S., stores expect to sell more than 100 million pairs of jeans this year. In the natural wheat color, neater than the old blues, jeans have become a campus uniform, sometimes with Shetland sport jackets. Even the Far East will have a bit of the flavor of the Far West when members of the U.S. Olympic team arrive in Tokyo wearing a cowboy hat called the "LBJ."

The fad for western clothing has caused

old-line manufacturers to come up with such innovations as corduroy jeans, shirts, and jackets, as demonstrated here by college students who spend vacations working at the C. Lary L. Ranch in Granby, Colo. Western shirts with traditional snug fit and snap closures now come in Ivy League stripes, and the campus jacket of the year is made of a rugged brushed cowhide called "tough-out." For the college girl some of the best of the West comes from the East, as Seventh Avenue designers saddle up to ride the trend.

BY ARNOLD KOPPEL



*See-through sweater of fishnet wool knit is Saint-Tropez-inspired tugging for Justine Parly's frontier pants, which are of gray wool jersey banded to stretch knit.*

*At sunset cookout by a C Lazy U lake, Lynda Griner (left) wears western-cut jacket and pants of brown swede calfiskin. Linda Dickinson's sheepskin jacket is trimmed in buckskin, her frontier pants are corduroy. Terry Marray's cowboy jacket is also corduroy, as are western-cut shirt and jeans worn by the chef, Hank Cutter.*



CONTINUED



## SPORTING LOOK

*Rough-out leather jackets, cut, stitched and snapped like a wrangler's denim model, are hotly popular in the West and are now turning up in the East as well. One firm, Jo-O-Kay of Ardmore, Okla., has sold 100,000 of them this year in 42 different models. They are made of brushed cowhide, hard to warm Orlon fiber. Mike Irving and Justine Purdy wear rough-outs over snug-fitting cowboy shirts in 1½ League stripes.*

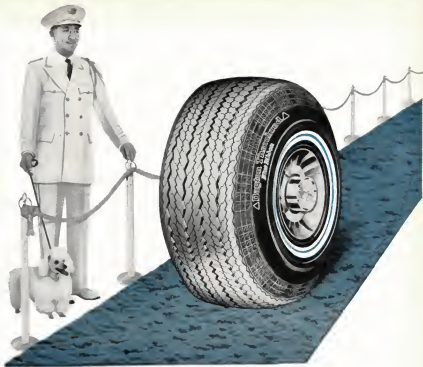
*Justine Purdy's dressy-cowboy outfit is made of sheer red Irish wool tweed with jean stitching outlining seams and pockets. Calico bandana and lasso-sling, silver-buckled cowboy belt complete the look.*

## WHERE TO BUY

Page 40: Lynda Griner's suede jacket (\$90) and pants (\$70), by Samuel Robert, are at I. Magnin, West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Linda Dickson's jacket (\$70), by Samuel Robert, is at I. Magnin. Neiman-Marcus. Plaid shirt (\$80) is by H Bar C. Frontier pants (\$22-50) are at Miller's, New York. Terry Murray's corduroy jacket (\$25), by Gordon-Ferguson, is at Granby Trading Post, Granby, Colo.; Moers Men's Shop, Chicago; Roger Kent, New York. Wheat Levi's are \$4-50. Hank Custer's wheat-color shirt (\$8) and jeans (\$11), by H Bar C, are at Beckwith's, Boston. Western Ranchmen Outfitters, Cheyenne. Page 41: Justine Purdy's frontee pants (\$16), by Sportswear, are at Billy Lewis, Inc., Dayton. The Shop for Pappagallo, Scottsdale, Ariz. This page, above: Both jackets are by Jo-O-Kay; the man's, in Aztec gold color, is \$30, the lady's \$29. Both are at Granby's Trading Post, Miller's; Western Ranchmen Outfitters. Striped western shirts are by H Bar C. At right, Justine Purdy's shirt (\$35) and pants (\$25), by Donald Davies, are at Lord & Taylor, New York. All hats are by Stetson; cowboy belts and boots by Justin, Fort Worth.







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***Blue Ribbon***



**Dayton Tires**

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky," sang Post-Scarman **John Masefield**, but his nephew, **Charles Masefield**, 26, is happy to settle for just the sky. Charles, whose father is managing director of Britain's Beagle Aircraft, Ltd., took off from London last week in a flying jumpy older than he by four years. With 23-year-old **Lord David Trefgarne** taking turns at the controls, Masefield flew the rickety biplane from London to New York in a speedy 45 hours.

Granting audience to a clutch of clamorous reporters in a Chicago motel room, His Highness **Mahmoud** ("Now, don't you guys go calling me Cassius") All ended a week-long guessing game by revealing that he had, indeed, taken himself a wife. She is a pretty 25-year-old model from Chicago named **Sorji Rai** (*thaw-ree*), and if she had little to say about her new marriage, it was

largely because her new lord had closed her up in the bathroom while he talked. "Muslim women," Muhammad told the reporters, "should remain in the background."

There wasn't a badman in sight, and Chester was off somewhere ogling a farm girl, so **Matt Dillon** climbed off the seat of his deed, a converted International Harvester delivery wagon, and unloaded an enormous 12-foot surfboard. "I work 48 weeks a year on *Gwynn's*," said **James Arness**, Matt's 6-foot 6-inch real-life counterpart, as he took to the waves, "and this is the only thing that keeps me sane."

V stands for Victory. It also stands for Pirate Patcher **Vernon Law**, his wife **Valinda** and their four boys, **Veldon**, **Veryl**, **Vance** and **Vaughn**. When a fifth boy arrived recently, during a game in which **Law** shut out the **Houston Colts**, a reporter suggested the child be named **Victor**

"Can't," replied **Vernon**, "I've already got a dog by that name." So they called the baby **Varlin**.

Hoping to contribute his bit to an America's Cup season, **Bob Mathias**, two-time Olympic decathlon champion, decided to challenge the sports at Newport, R.I. to another kind of competition. In answer, the **Drexels**, the **Longleys**, the **Aachenes**, the **Van Alens**—all showed up at the Newport Casino to see what it was all about. **Mathias** told them, "I'm going to stand here, and you people are going to draw pictures of me." With that he peeled off his shirt, grasped a stick of wood and froze in a javelin-hurling position, while the Newporters tried to capture his image with finger paint and charcoal.

**Mary Worth**, who presides in a sort of suburbanly sane way over the comic strip of the same name, had better keep over and read the sports page some day. There's this girl in her strip named **Patsy**, see, and **Patsy** is in love with a rising young golf pro. But **Patsy's** mother is trying to break up the romance by demanding that the pro give it all up to work in a toy factory. The pro, who loves golf better than **Patsy**, won't budge. Along about then **Mary Worth** might have popped up to tell **Patsy** about **Mark McCormack** and the incomes he manages to eke out for **Arnie Palmer**, **Jack Nicklaus**, et al. But no. **Patsy**, who talks a mean cliché, seems reconciled to the shattered romance: "Let's not say a beautiful drive ended up in the rough! And so far as I'm concerned, the ball is unplayable!"

In case New York Ranger fans are worried, **Gauche Jacques Plante** has not defected to Montreal, although last week he was back in the net at the Montreal Forum, site of his old triumphs. He was there to tend goal not for the Canadians, but for the Montreal Nationals' increase term. The job was only tempo-

rary, and old **Juke the Snake** got a lot of cheers. He did not, alas, save many scores.

The State of California is spending more money than ever before on sport, but the man behind it all is just sitting there fretting. A compulsive sportsman who would rather hunt, fish, shoot or play golf than pass a law, Governor **Pat Brown** broke his ankle on a golf course a month ago and has been hobbled by a plaster cast ever since. If the doctors don't take it off soon, said **Pat** last week, he's going to start limping around the course, plaster cast and all.

Two years ago Latin-lover-turned TV-tycoon **Desi Arnaz** took himself a new wife named **Rita** and—being at heart an ardent angler—promptly began teaching her to catch fish. She apparently was a good student. A few weeks ago in her first taste of deep-sea competition off Guaymas, Mex., **Edie Arnaz** hooked into three big sailfish. By the time the tournament ended, she had won the top prize over 90 other fishermen—including teacher **Desi**.

New York Giant Quarterback **Y. A. Tittle** last year established NFL lifetime records for most passes completed and most touchdown passes thrown. Last week he set another record by autographing 1,206 copies of his new book, **Y. A. Tittle: I Paced** in 2 hours, 13 minutes and 27 seconds.

Despite appearances, Britain's dignified political leaders had not decided to settle their differences in the alley—or so they insisted. Returning to London from vacation to discuss the Cyprus crisis, Prime Minister **Sir Alec Douglas-Home** explained that his bandaged hand was the result of a finger prick he incurred while pruning roses in Berwickshire. Opposition Leader **Harold Wilson** maintained just as firmly that he had cut and bruised his face climbing rocks in the Scilly Isles.





IN A FINISH THAT HELPED STAMP HIM AS PROBABLE HORSE OF THE YEAR, GUN BOW ROMPS OFF WITH SARATOGA'S WHITNEY STAKES

## 2, 4, 6, 8, who do we depreciate?

**Gun Bow, that's who—the million-dollar horse now eclipsing Kelso and attracting the tax man's eye**

**H**as Kelso had it? The remarkable 7-year-old gelding, winner of \$1,634,952 and 32 of his 51 races, was paraded past Saratoga's magnificent clms and into the winner's circle the other day in recognition of his unprecedented fourth straight Horse-of-the-Year title. But that was for 1963. As they applauded, his viewers knew that only a sensational fall season at Aqueduct could redeem a dismal 1964 campaign and produce a fifth crown for Mrs. Richard C. duPont's champion. Few thought it likely.

The odds are that the 1964 Horse of

the Year will be a 4-year-old named Gun Bow who has swept into the handicap division with hurricane force. He began to attract attention in January when he won the mile-and-a-quarter Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita by 12 lengths. Last month at Aqueduct, going the same distance in the Brooklyn Handicap, Gun Bow was clocked in 1:59½—the fastest 10 furlongs in the history of New York racing. Again he won by 12 lengths, this time over the proved runner Olden Times, while Iron Peg and Kelso trailed. He races next in the \$100,000-added Washington Park Handicap in Chicago on August 22.

Three times this year Gun Bow had finished behind Mongo (at Bowie, Aqueduct and Monmouth). He more than made up for those losses at Saratoga as

he won the Whitney Stakes from Mongo by 10 lengths in near track-record time for the mile and an eighth. Watching him cross the finish line still full of run, Trainer Max Hirsch was moved to remark, "This is one of the most brilliant horses I have ever seen." Olin Gentry, manager of John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm, added, "Only Citation himself could have given Gun Bow a race today."

While Gun Bow was flouting with track records and winning his sixth start of 11 races this year for Trainer Eddie Nely, he was also making news on the financial front. A son of Gun Shot (himself a son of Hyperion, who broke down before he could prove his potential) out of an undistinguished War Admiral mare named Rabboni and Bow's, Gun Bow had be-

*(continued)*

gun life as just another foal on the farm of his breeder, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham. After the Whitney he was sold for \$1 million, a transaction which immediately elevated him to a very select group. John Gledhill bought Swaps from Rex Ellsworth for \$2 million, and back in 1955 a syndicate headed by the Kentucky breeder Leslie Combs II bought Nashua from the estate of young Bill Woodward for \$1,251,000.

Syndicates made up of wealthy owners and breeders figure prominently these days in the purchase of horses for breeding (\$1, Sept. 29, 1958), but little has been done about syndicating horses of racing age who are capable of winning purse money for their new owners as well as money from future breeding ventures. "It makes perfectly good sense," says another Kentucky breeder, Warner L. Jones Jr., "to have a group of people participate in a horse's race-track winnings and share in his expenses."

Only a few weeks before, Jones sold the only Bold Ruler colt who will go on the auction block this year to Mrs. Harry W. Morrisen for a world-record price of \$170,000 and promptly helped her form a syndicate ownership.

The man behind the Gun Bow syndicate is 36-year-old John R. Gaines, a former upstate New Yorker who now operates Gainesway Farm, adjoining Calumet Farm in Lexington, Ky. Gaines first got into the stallion business when Fred Hooper persuaded him to syndicate Hooper's gallant Crozier for \$800,000. With Warner Jones's assistance, he has now done the same for Gun Bow.

While John Gaines was picking up his Thoroughbred savvy, Gun Bow was being shuffled from one Elizabeth Arden trainer to the next as the stable made frequent changes. "I think a bad leg kept him out of racing entirely in his 2-year-old year," said one of the training alumni. "I lost year, at 3, he showed a world of speed, but they managed to nix him up somehow, and he never really got going." The record shows that Gun Bow ran 18 times in 1963. He won six races and \$41,292. Nobody ran through the tunnels of Aqueduct shouting, "A new Man o' War has arrived."

Since 1963 was also a year in which Mrs. Graham's Maine Chance Farm was forced to show a profit for income tax purposes, Gun Bow was picked as something that had to go. Recently when she was asked who—or how, many

—had trained Gun Bow, she replied wistfully, "Heavens, I don't know who trained him, but the man certainly couldn't have been very good, could he?"

Gun Bow and his stablemate Gun Boat, then a promising 2-year-old, were sold in a package deal for \$125,000 to New York Attorney Harry P. Albert and a Sea Girt, N.J., widow, Mrs. John T. Stanley, who race as the Gledny Farm.

Everybody is happy with Gun Bow now, including Mrs. Graham, who last week cheerfully and graciously bought a one-tenth share in the syndicate for \$100,000. Especially happy is Trainer Nefcy. "This horse has all the potential in the world," says Nefcy. "He's an eye-catcher to look at, about 16 hands tall, and I'd say about 1,080 pounds. He gallops exceptionally big, which is where he gets his tremendous lung power. He was bruised in midseason, and we were



ELIZABETH ARDEN GRAHAM sold Gun Bow, gamely bought back in for \$100,000

forced to let up on him. But the Whitney was his best race. Carrying 130 pounds, he outspinted the sprinters and still had enough left to beat Mongo."

The deal for \$1 million which followed Gun Bow's latest victory (he has now won \$371,120 for the Gledny Farm owners) makes sense not only to Mrs. Stanley and Harry Albert, who keep four of the 10 shares, but to each of the six new one-tenth owners—John Gaines, Warner Jones, Elizabeth Arden Graham, C. V. Whitney, Mrs. John Thouron and a partnership of Leslie Combs II and John W. Hanes.

The key to the ownership of valuable horseflesh is the method and rate at which the purchaser can depreciate it. Normally racehorses can be depreciated over five years, or from the age of 2, when they are eligible to earn money, through their 6-year-old year. If, as a new owner, you follow this tax depreciation schedule, you write off 20% of your purchase price for each of those productive years. When you depreciate a horse bought for stud purposes only, you have to spread your depreciation out until your stallion is 16 years old, or, in the case of broodmares, until they become 14.

When you purchase a racehorse at 4, as Gun Bow is, you would be allowed to fully depreciate him as a racehorse in three years, i.e., at the rate of 33 1/3%. Because Gun Bow will only be racing for the syndicate for one-third of this season, the new owners can only take one-third of that 33 1/3%, now, but they get the full 33 1/3% for 1965. Then, since it is the intention of Syndicate Manager Gaines to quit racing Gun Bow at the end of his fifth year and stand him alongside Crozier at Gainesway Farm in 1966, stud rates will apply in the write-off for the next 11 years.

As precise and clear-cut as this formula may seem, the figures and circumstances on any major purchase are seldom parallel, and the U.S. never ceases to take an interest in each transaction. The most celebrated example is that of the Nashua sale. The Nashua syndicate rightly contended it had bought Nashua for racing purposes as well as for breeding purposes. The tax people took the position that the famous horse had been bought primarily for breeding, and that therefore the syndicate should not be eligible for the more advantageous depreciation rates which apply to horses still racing. The syndicate proved its point when Nashua won over \$300,000 in purses as a 4-year-old.

If Nashua had earned little or nothing that season, the Government might have claimed that the syndicate was racing him solely for quick depreciation purposes. Nashua got his owners off the hook with one final winning year, and now Gun Bow will have a year and four months in which to do the same.

"If Gun Bow is half as good as Kelso for half as long we'll all be happy," said John Gaines to Kelso's trainer last week. Carl Hanford, who now knows a great horse from a good one, replied thoughtfully, "I really believe Gun Bow will be a great horse."

END



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One of the intriguing facts of the golf swing is that a player will usually duplicate at impact the position he was in at address. Linked with this is the fundamental idea that the hands should be slightly ahead of the ball at impact, thus leading the club head through the ball and out toward the target. The obvious conclusion? At address you should set yourself up so that your hands are in front of the ball, not opposite it or behind it. A good way to be sure that you can consistently be in the proper address position is to take your stance and then place your hands in such a way that a straight line can be drawn (as at left) from the club head up through the left hand and to the left shoulder. This will not only aid in achieving good position at impact, it will make it possible for you to start the club, the hands and the arms back simultaneously in a firm and well-controlled motion.



FRANCIS BOLDEN

By putting hands in front of ball at address (red line) it is easier to start the backswing properly (brown line).

The correct address will set up a good position at impact (right) as the hands remain well ahead of the club head.





#### **v-neck tartans for the Jantzen International Sports Clan**

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## They all are aiming at Ayres

John Simpson's swift, notional colt should win The Hambletonian, but horsemen have scented here and there the possibility of a juicy upset

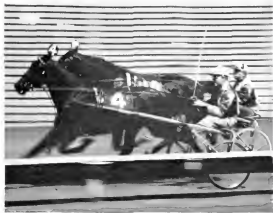
With The Hambletonian, the foremost event in trotting, less than two weeks away, there is a growing tendency to concede victory to Ayres. The beautifully gaited, high-strung Stars Pride colt has been humbling his opposition at every turn and has yet to be beaten by a 3-year-old. His credentials are every bit as good as were the formidable Speedy Scot's at this point a year ago.

But shocking upsets are scattered all through Hambletonian history. Speedy Scot himself was nearly surprised out of his elbow boots when Florio ripped off a 1:57 1/2 stake record in the first heat last year. True, Speedy went on to win like the champion he was, as did the highly favored A.C.'s Viking the previous year. But in The Hambletonian it is go, go,

go, all the way. Driving plans are lost in the dust as a dozen or more of the nation's top trotters hail into the first bend of Don Hayes's fast mile track at Du Quoin, Ill. Ayres, with all his speed and class, has no monopoly. His main opposition is expected to come from Speedy Count, off breeding similar to Speedy Scot's, and Driver Billy Houghton said last week that the Count was never sharper. The rest of the field has been largely ignored, but it contains enough class and speed in the hands of some fine horsemen to spring a surprise or two—conceivably on the order of Harlan Dean's startling win in 1961, Little Rocky's fantastic heat victory in 1958 and Blaze Hanover's upset victory in 1960.

The fastest horse in the probable field

continued



AYRES POWERFULLY OUTTROT SPEEDY COUNT AT YONKERS TO PROVE HIS PREMINENCE



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at this stage is Frost Ridge with a 1:59.1 $\frac{1}{2}$  clocking for the mile. Among his assets are a Hambletonian-winning sire (Scott Frost), a world-champion-producing dam and the canny colt trainer, Frank Ervin. Frost Ridge has been lame at times, but his flight of speed is extraordinary. If he is right on September 2 he cannot be ignored.

Then there is Dartmouth, contender from the hottest stable in harness racing. This Castleton Farm stablemate to last year's winner is trained by Ralph Baldwin, who is riding a fancy winning streak. Dartmouth has perfect manners, a big advantage in a race in which any mistake is costly.

Another contender, Big John, is driven by jockey-sure Eddie Wheeler, and the combination is a strong one. Big John has good early speed. He is now being brought around to peak form.

Shoppers for a real dark horse may have a beauty in the Wisconsin-owned Speedy Rodney, a son of the late, much-loved Rodney. He has won all his races since June, but he has yet to face horses of Hambletonian caliber. He has, however, accomplished everything asked of him in the Illinois area, racing within a second of Ayres's fastest mile this year. As for his social rating, he is a full brother to Speedster, the sire of Speedy Scot. It is said that a mile track moves him way up.

In trotting, unlike Thoroughbred racing, the fillies usually have a big say in classic 3-year-old stakes. Ten have captured previous Hambletonians. Golden Make It, Really Something and A.C.'s Jennie have some mild backing for The Hambletonian.

This week's Review Futurity at Springfield, Ill. would normally provide a good line on The Hambletonian field, but since Speedy Count and some others are passing it up, late mile-track form will remain a tantalizing question.

Intriguing as it is to handicap outsiders into Du Quoin's victory lane, it is imprudent to look beyond Ayres. He is trained and driven by that master reinsman, John Simpson, who took the 1957 Hambletonian with Hickory Smoke and might have scored again in 1961 with Caleb but for some maneuvering that boxed him in at a critical point. Because of his headstrong ways Ayres is perhaps the biggest challenge of Simpson's distinguished career. John should be equal to it.

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## The art of leading misleadingly

The precepts governing choice of opening leads have undergone gradual but definite change since they were first devised for whist, the game that is the great-grandfather of contract bridge. In expert circles "highest of partner's suit" was altered to "fourth best of partner's suit," then to "low from three to an honor." More recently it has been changed to "low from any three." An exception is made when a player has raised; he may then lead the highest of three small cards.

"Low from any three" has yet to gain universal acceptance. Some insist that it is more important to show partner an honor than to give him a count of the suit. However, it is often an advantage to know that the leader cannot have more than two when he leads his highest. Another advantage is that it can provide stage-setting for one of the game's most venerable deceptions, as it did in this deal from the 1963 World Championship in St. Vincent.

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer



Opening lead: heart 2

There was an element of drama about this deal, the fifth one to be played on the opening day of the World Championship. Argentina, supposedly the easiest of our three opponents—Italy and France were the others—had started strong, winning 12 International Match Points in the first four deals, and the American team had yet to win an IMP. The same contract of three no trump had been reached in the other room with Bobby Nail (U.S.) playing the South hand as declarer. Luis Ataguile, West for Argentina, opened the 8 of hearts—the top of partner's bid suit. East, Marco Santamarina, put in the 10 to force the queen, hoping that West might have a quick reentry and be able to continue hearts. South won with the queen and rattled off six diamond tricks. East had discarding difficulties and unguarded the spades, allowing declarer to make 11 tricks without taking a finesse.

Egisto Rocchi faced a far different problem when Robinson opened the 2 of hearts, and Jordan won with the ace and returned the jack. Was Robinson's opening lead from three to the king? If so, and he, Rocchi, covered with the queen, the defense could run off an entire heart suit. But if South ducked the jack and Robinson had started with the king, the suit would be blocked and the defenders would win only three tricks. Whatever Robinson led after winning the third heart with his presumed king, declarer would be able to run off nine tricks and the game without taking a club finesse.

Jordan's play of the jack was one of the hoariest tricks in bridge, but it still left South with a cruel guess.

In this case, Rocchi guessed wrong. He elected to duck the heart jack. Once the jack held, of course, Jordan laid down the king to drop the queen and cashed his two remaining hearts to defeat the contract. The combined result—a set of 100 points here and a score of 660 for America at the other table—was a 760 point swing. The 13 IMPs it carried put the North American team ahead for the first time. It was a lead they never relinquished.

### EXTRA TRICK

Modern trends in leading are, in a way, a compliment to the excellence of modern bidding. Presumably the opponents have reached the right contract, and declarer will gain more information from a conventional lead than will partner—or at least the information declarer gleams may be more important. Therefore, modern style is to reveal as little as possible to declarer.

END



## Not enough talkative bats in Cincy

**The Reds have strong pitching, but even for Hutch the hitters have been unable to deliver the needed runs**

Cincinnati baseball fans are a placid, quietly chauvinistic legion. Seldom does a visitor come upon anyone muttering over a beer about a blunder in strategy or a letter to the editor on the sport pages venting disenchantment; usually they write about such things as, "Why not a fans' appreciation night?" or "Why not return the umpires' names to the box score?" To be sure, they talk about baseball in Cincinnati, but the conversation is always positive. Only now and then will someone say, shaking his head: "The Reds? Sure are a bewilderin' club, now, aren't they?"

Bewildering is just adequately accurate as a word for the Reds. Frustrating is a better one. In almost any other city the Reds would be whipped with invective by now. Currently trailing the Phillies by 7½ games, the Reds, like the rest of the National League except for Philadelphia and the Mets, have been remarkably inconsistent for a ball club which, prior to the season, figured to make a strong run for the pennant. They seemed to have the hitting (with power), and perhaps the best pitchers in the league; three of them—Joey Jay, Jim Maloney and Jim O'Toole—were thought quite capable of winning over 60 games among them. But Cincinnati is currently seventh in the league in hitting and Jay, Maloney and O'Toole have won only 31 games so far.

"Yeah, and who would have figured, too, we'd lose six games to the Mets?" says ailing Manager Fred Hutchinson in disgust. "Six games to a club that doesn't have a player that could make our ball club. It's stupid. It's started to

**A LONELY HERO** is Deron Johnson, a Yankee reject, whose hits have won many games.

become a psychological thing with us."

It is to Hutchinson's credit that he can get upset over losing to the Mets or that he can manage at all, for that matter. Hutchinson has been fighting cancer all season. Always a man who exuded indestructibility, both physically and mentally, Hutch is just a fragment of what he once was. His uniform hangs loosely on him. His face is pallid, his eyes are weak and tired and his left eye is partially closed.

Nevertheless, Hutchinson has stuck with the club all season except on two occasions. One of them was last week. As the team left on a 12-day road trip, Hutch remained at home and checked into the hospital for "further treatment." Just before the club departed, Hutchinson was given a party at the ball park celebrating his 45th birthday. A young, attractive woman, joined by everyone in the park, sang *Happier Birthday* to him. When she concluded, she walked over to the manager and kissed him on the cheek. Hutchinson, obviously uneasy and sensing the strained atmosphere, turned to the young lady and said into the microphone, "How lucky can you get?"

Hutchinson still thinks his Reds can win the pennant, but every day the odds get larger that they will not. The main reason they will not is that the team's two biggest stars, Frank Robinson and the enigmatic Vida Pinson, have been something short of devastating. "If I had to point to one thing," says a Cincinnati critic, "I'd have to lay it all on the doorstep of Pinson and Robinson. They just haven't hit. Actually, with two guys like that not doing well, this club is lucky to be in fourth place."

Robinson, often praised for his ability to carry a club for a long period of time, has only recently found his form. After watching some old movies of himself, which enabled him to detect a flaw in his batting stance, he went 15 for 27 with three home runs, three doubles and a triple. Robinson is now hitting .304 with 21 home runs and 67 runs batted in, an output far below the production that was expected of him. Neither he nor Pinson has been getting many big ones for the Reds. But Pinson has been almost pathetic. A consistent player who has averaged 200 hits in slightly more than five seasons, the slender, taciturn center fielder has only 115 hits and his average is .257. I am may

continued

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be mild in their criticism of the team, but those close to the club are not, especially when it comes to Pinson. Most of it is prefaced by something like: "Now, off the record, he . . ." At one point during the season he was 2 for 33, and this confounded even his small circle of admirers. "I just don't understand it," says one. "There's no excuse for a ballplayer of his talent going 2 for 33! Especially the way he can hunt and run."

Most of the off-the-record comment by players and the press deals with Pinson's attitude, especially his lack of competitive zeal: it is no secret that Hutchinson has been silently infuriated by Pinson on and off for a long time. Often those close to the club compare Robinson and Pinson to point up Pinson's deficiency in attitude. "Robinson is a competitor," says one player. "Pinson is not. Robinson will break his neck to try to make an impossible play. Pinson won't. Robinson has 17 stolen bases. Pinson has four, and he can run a lot faster than Robinson. Pinson won't hunt, even though he is an expert hunter and could hunt for a lot of base hits during the year, Pinson is not a load-type guy. Neither is Robinson. But you don't have to be load to be a tough competitor. Pinson leads a lot mentally, too. Robinson is always in the game. In short, Pinson, perhaps unconsciously, seems to squander a lot of talent."

Unlike last year, when the Reds were described by a player as a "team of strangers," harmony seems to pervade. Naturally, there are a few on the club who have to be pampered, but this is not an unsettling influence. In fact, the players laugh at it all, in a way. For example, Jim Maloney, who won 23 games last year, is coddled; he often will leave a game at the slightest hint of arm trouble. Earlier this year, after striking out 12 batters in six innings, he felt a slight twinge in his arm and departed. The next day the players posted a number of get-well cards on the bulletin boards. The players were not as jocular last season. Robinson and Pinson, who are close friends, were accused of acting like stars. Robinson at one point was out of the lineup for 10 days with a minor injury. He was ready to play, but he was waiting for Hutchinson to come and ask him. Hutchinson felt that he did not have to ask a player making \$65,000 if he was ready to play. Robinson and Pinson would take fielding prac-

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tee only when the spirit moved them. "All of this is changed now," says one player. "Robinson in many ways has taken command. And also I think the players are closer because of Hutch's illness. They are pulling together a lot harder. They don't try to make it obvious, but you can sense the feeling. Actually, we don't know much about his condition. He's always light and casual about it all."

There is some cause for elation in Cincinnati, though. Just a nontentay on the roster a few months ago, Deron Johnson has emerged as the key figure in Cincinnati's stumbling attack. Johnson, a 6-foot-2, 200-pound leftfielder, who ran Gordie Coleman off first base in late June, is hitting .302, has 17 home runs and has driven in 58 runs. "His RBI total is deceiving," says Coach Dick Sisler. "The fact is that he's driven in a lot of important runs. We'd really be in bad shape without that big gun."

A former roommate of Mickey Mantle, Johnson was hailed as another Mantle while he was in the Yankee organization. But Johnson only appeared in 13 games for the Yankees and then was dealt to Kansas City. The reasons given for the Johnson trade are quite nebulous. Some say the Yankees gave up on him as a hitter, others conclude he was dealt off because of his lust for living. Following the 1961 season Johnson went into the Army until August of 1962. He finished out the season with the A's. "The A's told me I was going to get a good shot at making the club the next spring," he says. "Some shot. I only went to the plate once during spring training, and I walked at that." At the end of the 1963 season, the Reds purchased Johnson's contract from San Diego.

"It was a great break for me," he says. "I especially getting to play for a guy like that." He pointed toward Hutchinson's office. "I don't think we've said more than a few words all season. But you always know the guy is pulling for you 1,000%. I've learned a lot from him."

"What did you learn from the Yankees?" a visitor asked.

"How to be quiet," he said.

And then, pointing to his bat, he added: "I let this do my talking for me now."

Indeed, if they had a few more talkative bats like Johnson's in Cincinnati the Reds might not be quite so bewildering to their fans.

END

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# A GIRL NAMED SINN

*What's a beautiful, sane kid like Marty Sinn, who doesn't need the money, doing—and doing very well—in a brutal, arduous and agonizing sport like professional long-distance swimming, which drives grown men to drink, tranquilizers and hypnotism?*

by GILBERT ROGIN

Professional long-distance swimmers come in many shapes, but Mary Martha Sinn's is the best. This is a professional long-distance swimmer? Mary Martha, who is called Marty, is as good as she looks. She is one of the best long-distance swimmers in the world. "Sometimes you think it's a distinction," she says, "and sometimes you think so what." Marty is 20 years old, 5 feet 4½, weighs 128 pounds, makes 72 strokes every minute, breathes on her right side, kicks only enough to maintain her balance and is an art major at the University of Michigan.

Legend has it that the first 56 nights of her freshman year Marty had 56 dates with 56 different boys, whom she tends to divide into nerds, hunks and hunks-and-a-half, or not so hot, good and better. "Well, I didn't keep track by making notches in my belt or anything," she replies when asked to confirm it. "Anyway, I don't want to make my private life a spectator sport, too." Marty is also, as a friend puts it, "sort of on the edge of becoming an intellectual." It is not at all extraordinary for her to make mental comparisons of novels by Stendhal and Dreiser—to cite a recent case—to pass the time while taking a five-mile practice swim.

Above the country-club level there are very few sports where women compete with men—which, in a way, helps preserve the peace. Among these few are the equestrian events, shooting, an occasional auto race or fishing tournament, showing dogs and professional long-distance swimming. The latter is *not* swimming across the English Channel for love or, possibly, money. ("Florence Chadwick is a very slow swimmer," every professional long-distance swimmer will tell you sooner or later.) It is racing a group of other swimmers 15 to 60 miles across lakes, through oceans and bays, down rivers or around and around immense swimming pools for cash.

Professional long-distance swimming, like professional

fasting, has never really caught on in the U.S., but it is very big in Canada, Egypt, Yugoslavia and Argentina, where, for example, 300,000 watched the Sanga Fe race last February. Eight of the 10 races this year take place in those countries, the others in Atlantic City, N.J., and between Capri and Naples. There is practically no amateur long-distance swimming, largely because there are not very many men and women who are crazy enough to swim for as long as 32 hours, or in 46° water, for nothing. For that matter, there are not too many men or women who are willing to do it for first prizes of \$1,000 to \$7,000, which is the going rate. In 1955, however, Cliff Lumsden of Canada won \$15,000 in prize money in a 32-mile race at Toronto in which he was the only finisher. He also got a frozen tongue, which left him speechless when he was showered with gifts of a hunting lodge, a car, a house, a contract to endorse corn syrup and a dollar for every stroke he took in the last five miles—another \$84,000 worth. Among the venturesome few there is a good deal of awful thinking—usually in mid-stream—that they should have stood on the shore.

"I hate the water," says George Park, a Canadian who was first in the Chicoutimi, Que., swim early this summer. "I don't like swimming, either. I swim with my eyes shut. I don't want to see what's under there. My greatest fear is deep water—anything over nine feet. I'm always afraid of drowning."

"Drowning would be very appropriate," says Marty Sinn, laughing. "It's a bizarre sport. The situations you get into are so extreme, so unrealistic. I don't take a race or myself too seriously. After all, the sport is a little on the humorous side. It's just sort of ridiculous to dive in and swim away with a crowd of people around looking at you like you're in the zoo. I think it's a little silly."

It is also almost unendurable. Last summer, when Marty finished second in the 15-mile swim at Toronto's Canadian

*continues*





National Exposition, the temperature of Lake Ontario was announced as 56°, although a reading of 46° was taken at one point in the course. Most people would not even consider wading in water that is below 60°. "When I think back on it I don't know why I wasn't cold," Marty says. "I guess it's the same way on a battlefield—when the soldiers are running around they don't hear the bullets. Anyway, everyone else dived in—I had to." During the race, in which 29 of the 38 starters dropped out, Marty became acutely depressed, hallucinatory, told her rower in theatrical terms that she was quitting ("when you're very tired you tend to overdramatize," she says) and finally passed out at the finish line. "I'm disappointed I didn't know what was happening at the time," Marty says. "It's an experience to faint. I'd never done it before."

Long-distance swimmers often become seasick from the

JAMES ORRIS



An hour before the beginning of the 25-mile Atlantic City race, Marty curls up for a nap on the deck of the *State Maroon*.

chop or ill from swallowing salt water. They consume aspirin after aspirin in an attempt to diminish the terrible pain of cramps. Some take pep pills. One swam the Atlantic City race on rum and Coke and was, predictably, lushed at the finish: another once downed 26 Cokes in an 11-hour event. One swimmer tried to compete on tranquilizers and fell asleep in mid-ocean; another became blind from salt water and could only continue because his coach banged a Coke bottle against the transom of his rowboat to indicate the way. Johnny LaCourse of Montreal is an advocate of posthypnotic suggestion. Before a race he tells his rower the key word and at what point to enter it. Johnny claims it unleashes hidden reserves of resolve and energy. He also swims nude to eliminate chafing. Last year in the Atlantic City race—a 25-mile swim around Absecon island, on which the city is situated—Marty took off her suit, too.

For the last 14 miles the course is a tidal inlet called the back bay, where the water is warm and shallow. As it happened, Marty and Johnny swam for several miles together in this stretch. As they passed under the bridges, spectators shouted, "Adam and Eve!" "When you're swimming, you're not thinking of the sensation you're causing," says Marty. However, in this year's race Marty decided she would rather keep her suit on. "I didn't like the publicity when I took it off last year," she says. "Besides, I didn't want to get my fanny sunburned."

Swimmers have kept going with fishhooks embedded in their fingers, with their teeth broken and breasts bruised from being battered against rock jetties, with wicked burnable cuts suffered when they were pulling themselves from bridge piling to bridge piling against a five-knot tide. They have been bitten by lampreys and stung by jellyfish. "You see the jellyfish coming and have to plow right through them," Marty says. "When you know something is going to hurt, it hurts a lot more. It's like going to the dentist. After four or five miles, when you are tired and your reactions are sluggish, you touch something shiny and you get nervous. Of course, in my case it may also be a natural, feminine fear of little frogs, snails and things." You also get impatient. Tom Park, George's brother, once knocked an eight-foot sand shark out of his way.

Far more hazardous than sharks or jellyfish are the swimmers themselves. Long-distance swimmers like company, as in misery likes company. They will swim together in what they call packs because they feel they gain inspiration and impetus from one another. Accidental collisions are quite frequent in such close quarters, particularly if the swimmers are in rough water, and with \$7,000 at stake there is also a certain amount of premeditated punching, kicking and grabbing.

On one occasion, it appears that the outcome of a race was assured beforehand, no matter what mayhem the swimmers wrought upon one another. The suspect event, which took place in Egypt last October, began at midnight on the Great Bitter Lake and continued at dawn down the Suez Canal. Marty was led so far astray in the dark by her native rowers that she passed the same girl twice in three hours. Herman Willemse, a Dutch schoolteacher who looks like Clark Kent in and out of his street clothes but is far and away the best long-distance swimmer in the world, caught up with Marty at the entrance of the canal, passionately shouting, "This bloody lake! They've been leading me in bloody circles!" The Egyptians won a big.

During this race, Marty became so mesmerized counting the bricks in the canal wall that her manager, Buck Dawson, led her out to the middle of the canal, where she discovered she was able to take advantage of the ships that were steaming in the opposite direction. She got right in behind them and rode their wakes. Almost anything goes in long-distance swimming. The rules only state that no artificial swimming aids, such as fins or floats, are permitted, and that any physical contact between the swimmer and a member of his crew

or the boat is forbidden. For example, there is nothing in the rules about "scooping." Scooping is an old and dishonorable form of propulsion that is chiefly practiced in the back bay at Atlantic City. When the tide is flowing against the swimmers, they hug the shore where the water is knee-deep and, still kicking, pull themselves along the mud bottom.

Perhaps the most disheartening experience that a swimmer ever had was one that befell Greta Anderson, who won an Olympic gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle for Denmark in 1948 and was the doyenne of long-distance swimming until the advent of Marty, who has beaten her three out of four times. Greta was competing in the 1959 Capri-Naples race when a swimmer passed her while eating a banana that he held in his right hand. She could not believe her eyes until she noticed that in his left hand

of this era she always starts off by saying, "When I was an amateur . . ." or, "Before I turned pro . . ." which she did in 1962.

Since Marty was 11 she has been a camper and counselor at Camp Ak-O-Mak [which means across the water] on Ahmic Lake in central Ontario. The camp is operated by Buck Dawson and his wife Rose Mary, who was Marty's swim club coach in Ann Arbor and is the daughter of the late, celebrated swimming coach, Matt Mann. Ak-O-Mak calls itself merely "An Athletic Camp for Young Ladies," but it is actually a swim-or-you're-sunk proposition. The nearest thing to arts and crafts is painting canoe paddles on a rainy day, and Ak-O-Mak's motto is a line of Matt Mann's: "Lady, if you want your daughter to sew beads on a belt, send her somewhere else." One of the camp's most popular activities is the four-mile individual medley.



Prepared by her boat, Marty plows through the sloops, lapbound Atlantic in an early stage of the Atlantic City race. In the boat are Buster Biss, her coach, and Dr. Bill Abbott. At right, Dr. Abbott hands Marty a paper cup containing tea and honey while she treads water.

he was holding a rope, the other end of which was attached to his boat.

So what is a good-looking, sane, middle-class, mixed-up kid like Marty Senn, who does not need the money, doing in a sport like this?

Marty was born in Ann Arbor, Mich., where her father, who died several years ago, managed a small factory that is now run by her mother. "I think they make little parts for bigger machines," says Marty, hopefully. "I haven't the faintest idea." They make production counters, which are fitted to punch-and-drill presses in auto plants to count the number of pieces that come off the presses. When she was a little girl Marty used to ride around town on her bicycle, sneaking into swimming pools much the way other kids sneak into movie theaters. By the time she was 14 she held several state freestyle records for women. When she speaks

"Just for fun I used to run a couple of miles through the woods or paddle nine miles into town," says Marty, recalling her early days as a camper. As she grew older, she began to swim to town while the others canoed, so that when she heard of the 15-mile swim at the Canadian National Exposition, she says, "It sounded like fun—like swimming into town for ice cream."

About the same time, Marty was loving what speed she had at the conventional distances. "I was getting worse," she says. "It seemed sort of silly, so I decided I might as well try pro swimming." In her first pro race, a two-mile swim at Kearney, Ont., she won \$25, which she used to pay her way to the National Exposition, where she was the first woman to finish, was fifth overall and earned \$2,300. By the end of 1963, she had competed in five races, was first woman in four of them, and won a total of \$7,500.

continued

She had found a field in which she excelled, but it was one that was making increasingly greater demands on her time and energy—what had started as a lark had become, at times, an ordeal and an obligation. Swimming lengths in an Ann Arbor pool when you are 14 is one thing, but getting in shape for a 25-mile swim when you are 20 and life offers so many other rewards (like hanks-and-a-half or reading *The Red and the Black*) is something else again.

Training is the most dismal part of long-distance swimming, mainly because it is so intolerably boring. During the winter Marty takes it easy; she plays a little handball with the boys at Michigan, works out with 20-pound weights and swims an hour a day. At Ak-O-Mak she swims four to seven miles daily and does some cross-country running, in refutation of the saw that swimming and running do not mix. "I'm terrible," she says. "I run like a girl." The problem is to find something to think about to pass the tedious hours while swimming mile after mile. "For the first quarter mile, I think about my stroke," Marty says. "Then I try to think hard on a particular subject so that my arms will be rotating automatically. When my head is encased in my bathing cap and goggles it seems to be completely dissociated from my body. Sometimes it's even a surprise to find myself swimming. With my head and eyes dry, there are times that the water doesn't even feel wet. It's funny. You have to be a little creative to start thinking of a topic. Then, as you swim along, you go from one subject to another. After a while, you build up a large repertoire of topics. As with the violin or anything else—the day-to-day preparation is boring, but a person should have enough self-discipline to get through each day.

"Then, every day has a little different appeal. Cold, rainy

days are pretty. Sometimes you sort of swim into a sunset. It's relaxing, tranquil—swim out into the wild blue and get away from it all. And swimming's fun—a lark. But the more races I swim in, the more pressure there is, which is unfortunate. In a race three hours seems like 20 minutes, but you get periods of great depression. If the race is 20 miles, and I've done about eight or nine, gone a long way but haven't done half yet, then I try to think about something pleasant—how can I afford a dress I want?

"I really pity a lot of the pros," Marty says. "They get so terribly wrapped up in it. Everything else in this life is an anticlimax. Swimming is just part of my life. A lark. I have other interests. Last year, for instance, I studied art for a semester in Mexico City. In the winter I associate with a different kind of person. I prefer it that way. I don't think most of my friends at home are even aware I swim in these races. Swimming has its little niche—three months of the year.

"I'm suspicious of people who are terribly gung-ho about all phases of athletics—diet, sleep, eat chocolate ice cream before a race, blueberry pancakes and chocolate cake. ['Why she doesn't sink, I don't know,' says Rose Mary Dawson.] I try to think of things that dedicated athletes wouldn't do, and do them. I'm a little critical of people who train so intensely—they become machines instead of people, they become masochists. I just don't believe in it. It's detrimental to your character later, naturally, and to the sport, too. Obsessions can become vicious. You get so wrapped up, you lose perspective. I think parties are important, for instance. Sometimes I won't have anything to drink, but sometimes I really get in the hug."

**I**f her latest performance is any indication, Marty Sinn need not worry about how pancakes and painting in Mexico affect her swimming. Competing in Atlantic City, she was the first woman to finish, beat nine of the 15 men in the field and won a total of \$1,000.

The Atlantic City World's Championship Professional Long Distance Swim, which took place July 21, offered \$11,100 in "cash awards" and was "open to men and women of the world" for a \$35 entry fee, a photograph and a record of past performances. All professional long-distance swimmers, like many professional wrestling bouts, are for the world championship. The Atlantic City swim was founded 11 years ago by Jimmy Toomey, a former lifeguard who is in the vending-machine business and has invented a better mousetrap, but only lonely long-distance swimmers beat a path to his door.

Marty arrived in Atlantic City four days before the race. She was met by her rower, Boomer Blair, and her feeder, Dr. Wilmer Ahhoti. Boomer is a 6-foot-6, 265-pound lifeguard captain who played a little football for Minnesota, Seion Hall and the Jersey City Giants and has won the South Jersey Lifeboat Rowing Championship nine times. He has rowed in every Atlantic City race, and each year



Marty is lifted at end of race by winner Herman Williams of Holland (left), and runner-up Abou-Beif El-Tayeb.

singlehanded. All the other boats employ two rowers. Dr. Abbott, an Atlantic City dentist, was captain of the 1947 University of Pennsylvania swimming team.

Although the race was to be run with the tide this year—in 1963 many of the swimmers were severely banged up on jetties as they struggled against the tide—Boomer and Dr. Abbott took Marty out to practice at a couple of points where they felt the going might be rough. The first was the Brigantine Bridge, which crosses the bay back within a mile of the finish at the State Marina. It was conceivable that Marty might not make it to the bridge before the tide turned, so three days before the race, at an hour when Boomer figured the incoming tide would simulate that which she might encounter during the race, Marty slipped gingerly out of Boomer's Boston Whaler before Brigantine Bridge. She stood up, adjusting her goggles. "There's dangerous critters down here," she said, apprehensively. She swam along the grassy flats where the current was weakest and under the bridge between the row of pilings closest to the eastern shore, pulling herself along on them and finally squeezing through an opening that the swimmers call "the rathole." Some discussion followed about whether Dr. Abbott should file the barnacles off the pilings before the race. Marty said she would rather take a chance on getting cut than have them so smooth she could not get a secure grip. The next day Dr. Abbott took her down to Longport, the southernmost point of Absecon island, where the swimmers make the turn into the bay after the 11-mile ocean leg. The previous year many of them had been thrown up against two stone jetties or had been swept out into the channel by the current tide.

But most of the time before the race Marty was either taking dips in her hotel pool or in the ocean or reading on the hotel sun deck. She is a prodigious reader. At Ak-O-Mak she is forever wandering about like Hamlet with her nose in a book. Two days before the race she was lounging on the sun deck with a copy of *Mad* magazine and a well-chewed paperback edition of *The Brothers Karamazov*. "I know it looks like I really got my teeth into it," Marty said, "but, actually, I find it too depressing. You know, I think *War and Peace* has much in common with *East of Eden*, although I suppose Tolstoy would resent the comparison."

There had been some question as to whether Marty would show up for the race. Late in June she had announced she was quitting swimming, and again in July when she was taken out of the water at Chicoutimi after she had swum for two hours against the tide without making any progress. "My first retirement stemmed from too much dull training, too much work—mowing fields, hard labor, swimming," she said now. "It was cold one day, and I didn't feel like going into the water, so I decided I didn't want to swim anymore. I'm temperamental. At Chicoutimi, George Park got so far out in front of me—it was silly. I knew I wasn't going to catch him. I had been in the water for nine hours, and I wasn't getting anywhere.

It was impractical—a combination of too much physical drain and too little financial gain.

"I haven't been terribly enthusiastic about swimming this year. The training is getting to be too boring, and I'm beginning to feel a little silly diving in the water, trying to beat everyone. It's a natural but an almost vulgar display of competitive urges. It's so obvious.

"You can train your body to a certain extent to do extensive physical feats, if you train your mind," Marty said. "If I'm swimming 30 miles I might be capable of swimming 40, but my mind is prepared to stop at a certain point. You build up mentally to a critical peak, and when you reach it that is the climax of your mental preparation.

"Seventy percent of my ability is determined by mental attitude. It's detrimental to be noncompetitive, not to have the killer instinct. I have to work at it. I try to build up my enthusiasm, to get excited about performing well. I have to build up some sort of pride in achievement, to try to think positive thoughts, to try to think out at what points in the race I will be discouraged.

"I like to look good to the other swimmers—sort of a professional integrity. It's a sign of weakness of character to have to prove yourself to other people. I sometimes tend to, but I try not to. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I think, too, every swimmer has some doubts about what kind of shape he's in. You have a few misgivings when you see the group all together at the start. We really form an inner circle, and the public acclaim is so far removed from what it's like and the real reason we enjoy it."

That night while she was waiting for a table at a restaurant on Atlantic Avenue, a bartender looked Marty over and said, "You going to try to swim the island?" Marty said she was. The bartender reached across the bar and gave her biceps a feel. "You're a little girl," he said. "I hope you make it."

Long after Marty had gone to bed, one of her opponents, Carlos Larriera of Argentina, was sipping a gin and tonic and smoking a cigarette. "I am in training for the Toronto swim," he explained. "It is at night."

The morning of the race, Marty arose at 5. She got to the marina at 7:30 and, after kibitzing with several other swimmers, curled up on the wooden deck. The field was international, as always: five Americans, four Canadians, three Egyptians, who are apparently subsidized by their government, three Argentines, one Yugoslavian, one West German, one Netherlander and one Mexican. Of these, four were women—Marty, Greta Andersen and two girls who were entered in their first professional race. It was a bleak, fog-shrouded morning, and the gloom was not dispelled by a lady who played lugubrious selections on a small electric organ.

When the swimmers were asked to get into the water, Marty greased herself lightly with Vaseline, mainly under her arms, where she would experience the greatest chafing. "I was thinking," she said before leaping in. "Margaret

continued

Chase Smith would have made the best running mate."

The swimmers hung to a line supported by floats, which was strung across the narrow harbor mouth. Their lifeboats waited 150 yards ahead. At 9 a.m. they were off, sprinting furiously. In 1963 Willemse got so far ahead at the start that he missed the unfavorable tides, which subsequently impeded the other swimmers, and came in an hour and 24 minutes before the second finisher. This time he quickly assumed the lead again but was closely pursued by Dicki Bojadzi of Yugoslavia who, before the race, had been going around asking everyone he saw, "Do I look American?"

The fog did not lift until 11:30, when the swimmers were plowing through moderate seas about 200 yards off Margate. Willemse and Bojadzi were still in the lead, then there was open water, then a pack of three, including the toothy Egyptian, Abdel Latif Abou-Heif, who is the second-best long-distance swimmer in the world, and Jorge Mezzadra of Argentina, then more open water and then another pack of three that included Marty.

Off Margate, Marty swam over to her boat for the first of six feedings of mixtures of honey and tea, honey and orange juice and honey and Coke that she had during the

race. Dr. Abbott handed it to her in a paper cup, which she cast on the waves when she was ready to resume swimming. Feeders also give the swimmers advice and encouragement by writing messages on small blackboards that they hold aloft, and one message that cheered Marty in the early going was that Greta had dropped out. She already knew that the two novice women were hopelessly in the ruck.

After her feeding, Marty had fallen 75 yards behind her pack, and she was unable to make it up. For the rest of the race she swam alone. Entering the back bay she was 11th but, finding the still water more to her liking, she began slowly closing in on the leaders. Since she was swimming almost up against the east, or right, bank and she breathed on her right side, Dr. Abbott got out of the boat from time to time to walk along the shore and shout instructions and exhortations.

Ten hours, 18 minutes and 15 seconds after he started, Herman Willemse won his fifth consecutive Atlantic City race. Abou-Heif touched out Johnny LaCourriere for second at 10:31:23, followed by Lumsden, Mezzadra, Bojadzi and then Marty at 10:37:15. She won \$200 for seventh place overall and \$800 more for first woman. If the race had been several miles longer, she would have undoubtedly improved her position, for the men were laboring and she was still closing ground—or water, rather.

The following morning, Marty was invited as a squaw in the Thunderbird Society by the Little Indian Day Camp, which had chartered a 95-foot party boat that had followed her in the race. "I was embarrassed," Marty said. "They made me feel I was some kind of a freak, all of them cheering me out there in the middle of the ocean." After attending a luncheon given by the local Lions Club, she returned to her hotel room. A bouquet of roses that the campers had presented to her was in the bathroom sink.

"I'm glad it's over," she said. "I did the best I could and didn't consciously loaf at any point. I was getting a little searick in the ocean—I swallowed quite a bit of it. Towards the end I felt real strong. I just felt so good. I was elated. It was just like entertainment, picking off the boys. I was singing a Beatles song to myself as I swam along."

*Not a Second Time.* Oh, I had a great time of it in the back bay!

"But I'm still not real enthusiastic about swimming. Other things I'm becoming interested in are going to be more important to me in years to come, and I don't want my swimming to become half-hearted. It would be very distasteful to me to pursue anything in that fashion."

"You do well in a race, and you're excited for the first few days. Then you go back to your former frame of mind. It's better to accept circumstances and not blow them up, treat them like everyday things, and not be an ass."

"Of course, I would like to go to Argentina for the race there next February. I have been told that they will pay all my expenses, and I've never been in South America. Swimming's been amazing. I've gotten oodles of things out of it."



"I'm glad it's over," says Marty, the day after the Atlantic City race. "I'm still not real enthusiastic about swimming."



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## A Time of Wonder, Joy and Glory for Losers

Beck in 1952 three brave trekmen from Carleton College traveled halfway across the continent to compete against the nation's best runners and jumpers—and to set some kind of record

by HAL HIGDON

As a grammar-school and sandlot baseball player, I used to dream of playing in the World Series. By my junior year in college, however, my dreams had matured into thoughts of running in the NCAA track and field championships. Even this seemed presumptuous in view of some hard facts. Although in that Olympic year of 1952 I had won conference championships in the mile and 880, I was strictly a minor-league runner—about the equivalent of a Class-B ballplayer. Carleton College in Northfield, Minn. for which I did my running, was one of the big-fish athletic powers in the small-pond Midwest conference. Its large size (it then had an enrollment of about 850 students) gave it a decided advantage in athletics over the real minnows, such as Coe, Monmouth and Ripon.

Despite its apparent Little-League status, though, Carleton had paid its NCAA dues, along with track powers like Kansas, Villanova and Southern California. And to enter the AAU meet

—considered equally important for Olympic hopefuls—all an eligible amateur competitor had to do was scrape up a \$2 entry fee. Thus in May of 1952, a month before the big event was to be held at the U. of California, I approached my coach, Wally Hass, with the request that I be allowed to hitchhike West and represent our school.

"What event do you want to enter?" he asked.

"What choice do I have?" I asked back.

Since it was an Olympic year, I had quite a choice. The NCAA championships that spring featured a veritable horn of plenty for distance runners: the 10,000 meters, the 5,000 meters and something called the 3,000-meter steeplechase. This last event—not widely known in the U.S. a dozen years ago—included its obstacles four hurdles and a water jump on each of its seven-plus laps. (The water was two and a half feet deep.) I had once been an unsuccessful hurdler

in high school, and the steeplechase sounded like fun.

"I think I'll try the steeplechase," I announced bravely. But then, envisioning myself foundering in the water jump, I added, "And just in case that doesn't go too well, why don't you enter me in the 800 and 5,000 meters, too?"

Wally frowned. He may have thought me worth a \$2 entry fee, but he wasn't at all sure about increasing the ante to six. Finally he decided to make the investment.

Carleton, in fact, arrived in California three strong. With me came Bobby Johnson of Bismarck, N. Dak. who that year had tied for fourth in our conference 100-yard dash and Broad Jumper Bruce Turner who had the most impressive credentials of all: a 1940 Mercury coupe that transported us to the West Coast.

We planned to compete in the NCAA championships in Berkeley, Calif., then tool south to Long Beach, just outside

*continued*



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## Losers continued

of Los Angeles, for the National AAU championships the following weekend. If any of us proved lucky enough to place in either of these two meets we would qualify for the final Olympic trials, to be held on the third weekend in the Los Angeles Coliseum. It seemed more likely that we would watch the trials from the stands.

In Berkeley, though, our status allowed us to gaze at the competitors from the infield grass. Clutching our programs while seated near the pole-vault pit, we pointed, oohed, aahed and gabbled like old ladies at a Broadway matinee as our heroes paraded past, warming up for their events in Friday's trials. The finals would be held on Saturday.

"Look! There's Jim Golliday!" Bruce exclaimed, pointing to the husky Negro who was then the world's fastest human. Golliday, from Northwestern, was already being touted as the Olympic 100-meter champion. We also easily spotted Parry O'Brien, Walt Davis, George Rhoden, Ollie Matson, Wes Santee and other immortals of the time.

I strolled over to one corner of the track and gazed down into the shallow pit that would form the water jump on each lap of the steeplechase. It was the first one I had ever seen and it looked ominous. As far as the hurdles were concerned, our school did not have any that adjusted to the three-foot height of the conventional steeplechase hurdles. I had been practicing with high school hurdles that were three inches higher. This would make me tougher, I rationalized—sort of like sprinting up sand dunes as training for racing in the flat.

The stadium loudspeaker cleared its throat noisily and cracked an announcement. "The first contestant in the broad jump will be Robert Johnson of Carleton." The field events were scheduled to start before the running events, and the eyes of the few spectators who had drifted into the stadium early swung to focus on a young man in a bright-yellow uniform at the end of the broad jump runway. Actually, our school colors were maroon and blue, but the maize always came out looking yellow. Bob had once won the North Dakota state high school long-jump championship, though, being short he had to take eight instead of seven steps between hurdles. He leaned forward and tugged nervously at the glasses taped to the sides of his head before beginning his run toward the broad-

jump pit. Dirt flew from his spikes as he picked up speed. Then his stride began to falter as he realized he had miscalculated his steps. His takeoff foot slammed down a good foot in front of the board and he jumped half-heartedly into the pit. "Measure it!" ordered an official.

A few minutes later the loudspeaker blared, "Johnson's first jump was 11 feet, four inches." It was not an auspicious start for our assault on the NCAA championships.

A little later I added to the legend of Carleton athletic prowess in a heat of the 800 meters. I really didn't consider myself a middle-distance runner, but having come all the way out to the West Coast, I wanted to get my money's worth by running in every event in which I had the slightest chance. Unimpressed by the fine runners around me, I sprinted into first place at the start and held that position throughout the race. Ted Wheeler of Iowa won in 1:53.8.

Bobby Johnson was painlessly eliminated in the 100-meter heats. Golliday, as expected, had the fastest time—10.4 seconds. Then we settled down to watch the 10,000 meters—the only finals race of the day and the only distance race I had failed to enter. I sadly noted that seven runners had started the race and one of these dropped out after a mile and a half. The sixth-place medal went to a runner from the U. of Michigan who practically walked across the line—and in a time even I could have matched. "I guess I'm in the wrong events," I dolefully remarked to my companions.

I was the only one of our triumvirate to make the finals on Saturday. This was solely because no heats were necessary in the long-distance races. Bob and Bruce had tied for 17th in the broad jump with identical leaps of 20 feet 6½ inches. They did not finish last, however. That honor went to an athlete from Fresno State, who at least had not come halfway across the nation to do it.

When the starter called us to the line for the 3,000-meter steeplechase, I tried to appear casual—not realizing that half the other runners had never competed in the event either and were likewise trying to look casual. The gun fired. At the very first water jump I encountered a steeplechase tradition all the photographers and all the curiosity seekers crowd around the water jump, presumably anticipating that one of the

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## Losers *continued*

contestants will trip on the barrier, plummet into the water and drown.

Laughter rippled through the crowd as we sprang over the barrier and splashed through the water on the first lap. "Hey, did you bring your water wings?" some joker yelled. I vowed that even if I finished far in the rear I would at least maintain my dignity at the water jump. Careful throughout, I finished in ninth place but was only four seconds behind the runner who, because he was the sixth-finishing American, qualified for the Olympic trials. This was, for me, a kind of triumph. The winner was Bob McMullen of San Jose State. I read later in the papers that he had constructed his own water barrier to practice for the event. Maybe if I had done the same, I rationalized, I could at least have made the trials.

An hour later, to make sure I got my money's worth, I ran the 5,000 meters, finishing last. My name preceded that of NCAA two-mile champion Don McEwan, however. McEwan failed to finish.

One would figure that, in the nature of things, few spectators would pay much attention to our three-man track team. Logic at the time persuaded me that the fans cared only for winners, such as Wes Santee in the 5,000 meters and Parry O'Brien in the shot put, and would completely ignore the stragglers. Such, I learned, is not the case. Everybody loves a winner, but everyone also loves a loser—especially if he turns out to be a real loser.

Many fans and competitors who were at Berkeley in 1952 probably still remember the trio from Carleton who seemed to be in every event on the program. "Each time I looked up," Ted Wheeler told me kindly many years later, "there was one of our cats in the yellow shirts finishing last."

The next week we were at the National AAU meet at Long Beach, eager for revenge. I was entered in the 10,000 meters and the steeplechase.

From the standpoint of the number of competitors entered, the difference between the NCAA championships and the National AAU championships in the 10,000-meter race was astounding. At the latter, some 45 runners milled around at the starting line, waiting for the starter's gun. That the first three finishers would go to the Olympics did not entirely explain the phenomenon. It would seem

*continued*



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## Losers continued

that long races are especially popular with out-of-college athletes. Once a man receives his B.A. degree he is intelligent enough to realize that if he can't run *faster* than an opponent, he may be able to run *farther*.

"Only 15 runners will be permitted to finish," the starter informed us. "As soon as you are lapped you will be thumbed off the track. The last 45 to survive may continue to run after they have been lapped." I didn't like the way he emphasized the word *survive*. I also decided that under those ground rules there was no sense in pacing myself. I would run as hard as I could to try to hold onto that last finishing position.

Everyone else had the same idea. The gun exploded and the runners slammed together in a pack, each trying to make sure he would achieve at least 15th place. I found myself locked in somewhere near the middle of the pack, but after a few turns around the oval, the runners began to stretch out in a long, thin line of colored shirts and shorts. "Get moving!" Bruce bellowed at me as I staggered by. "You're in 24th place!"

At two miles I heard someone counting: "Ten-oh-three . . . ten-oh-four . . . ten-oh-five . . ." Good grief, I thought, gasping for air, I'm within a few seconds of my best-ever time for the two miles—and four miles to go. Blowing and reeling, I was still fighting for survival in 19th place. Others, however, had been equally imprudent in pacing themselves. One by one the runners in front of me had begun to falter and clutch their sides. I slipped into 15th place somewhere after the third mile. Before I had eaten up another half-lap, the trio of Curt Stone, Fred Will and Horace Ashenfelter loped rhythmically past me on their way to Helinski.

Having now earned the right to finish the race, I began greedily to eye 14th place—then occupied by a stocky runner wearing the royal-blue shirt of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. I plotted my move carefully. Matching him step for step for several laps, I waited until we came to the home straightaway during the fourth mile and then put on a blazing kick, hoping to suck from him the will to go on. The crowd cheered. I clutched my narrow lead around the turn, only to see him come past me in the backstretch. Again the crowd responded with a roar. Once more, putting on steam, I passed him on the homestretch, only to have

continued



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## Crompton Corduroy



#### Losers continued

him pass me on the backstretch. Each move on our part inspired applause from the spectators. "Go get him, Higdon!" shouted someone on the homestretch side as I moved ahead for the third time. The crowd on one side of the field cheered for me, while the other side rooted for him. If an alert vendor had come prepared, he could have sold at least two dozen pennants with my name on them. For more than a mile we maneuvered past one another, back and forth, jogging around the turns and sprinting on the straightaways—until finally, in front of my partisan group, I failed to respond to my rival's challenge. As I slowly lost

for the team. A month later he was to surprise the world at large by winning the Olympic championships. The Ashenfelter brothers, Bill and Horace, edged out McMullen in the steeplechase, denying him his trip to Helsinki.

After the last event, all of the competing athletes, some in street clothes, some still in sweats, paraded to the center of the huge arena. Behind them fluttered a row of flags representing the nations whose athletes they would compete against in Helsinki. Somebody recited something appropriate over the public-address system, and then dozens of pigeons seemed to explode into the air



ground, my supporters in the crowd emitted an audible sign of disappointment and returned their attention to the struggle for first place—or went out for hot dogs.

Curt Stone crossed the finish line to a wave of applause. A while later I crossed last to an equally enthusiastic band. The crowd, I decided, cheers only the winners and the losers. I wondered if I would ever be good enough one day to slip into the relative anonymity of the middle ground.

The next day I ran the 3,000-meter steeplechase again and lost, though I did not lose my dignity at the water jump.

Neither my two friends nor I qualified for the Olympic trials the following weekend; we watched from the stands, engrossed by the drama below. We saw Jim Golliday pull up lame on his first stride out of the blocks in the 100 meters—and continue to the end, despite the pain in his leg. He finished last. Lindy Remigino, hopelessly outclassed in the previous two meets, surprised even himself by finishing second and qualifying

from boxes placed around the track. As the band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the pigeons, as if by signal, assembled into formation, circled the field twice and finally came to roost at the scoreboard end of the stadium where the Olympic torch flamed.

That was a dozen years ago. The NCAA has now set up a meet for athletes hailing from small-pond colleges so they can compete among their own breed and not get in the way of the big boys. In order to compete in the National AAU championships an athlete must qualify by having attained a certain level of performance, such as running the mile in 4:07—a mark that might possibly have won the event back in 1952. The small-pond athlete (at least the not exceptionally talented one) has been legislated out of competing in the big meets. This is progress, I suppose, but I still look back warmly to the time when even a sandlotter could take part in his equivalent of the World Series.

END



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

**AMERICAN LEAGUE** When the Chicago White Sox (4-4) and the Boston Red Sox opened a series last week, a broadcaster jokingly asked Red Sox Manager Johnny Pesky if he had heard about the big fight in the Chicago clubhouse. "No," said Pesky. "What was it all about?" "They were fighting to see who would push against your club tonight and Johnny Burhardt won," answered the radio man. White Sox pitchers had good reason to fight for a chance to go against Boston. The Red Sox, who had lost 12 of 13 games, were playing the kind of baseball opposing pitchers dream about—they were giving up lots of runs (42 last week) and they were scoring just a few (only 10 in the losses). Burhardt found the combination worth fighting for as he four-hit Boston while his teammates scored 11 runs on 16 hits to hold on to second place. It was a particularly satisfying win for Burhardt, who earlier in the week was the only pitcher to lose to Boston during its two-week slide from fifth to eighth. The league-leading Baltimore Orioles (5-2) also prospered against the Red Sox, easily sweeping a three-game series. Led by Brooks Robinson (four homers and 10 RBIs), rookie Sam Bowen (400 with three HRs) and exceptional relief pitching by Harvey Haddix and Dick Hall, the Birds also won two of four from New York (4-4) and moved three games ahead in the pennant race. The Yankees received four strong complete-game victories from Al Downing (two wins), Jim Bouton and smoldering rookie Mel Stottlemyre, but got little relief from the bullpen, which failed to provide a stopper. Harmon Killebrew's 40th and 41st homers of the season and some surprising but effective hunting by the usually free-swinging Twins brought Minnesota five wins in seven games. The Twins' first winning week in more than a month could not pull them out of sixth

place, however, as the Detroit Tigers (4-3) won just enough to remain in fifth. The Tigers' pitching was stung, allowing only seven runs in four wins, with rookie Denny McLain winning twice on a four-hitter and a three-hitter. Washington's (5-1) Claude Osteen won twice and slugger Jim King and Don Lock hit four timely home runs to give the Senators their best week of the year and lift them out of the cellar, 2½ games ahead of slumping Kansas City (1-5). The A's pitching never allowed more than five runs, but their hitting (.222 team BA) could not produce more than three runs in any of the losses. The Cleveland Indians (2-4) won twice on shutouts, one a four-hitter by rookie Luis Tiant, who battled the Angels 6-0 until Max Alvis won the game with a three-run homer in the ninth. The Los Angeles Angels (2-4) suffered their first losing week in more than a month. The usually tight Angel pitching gave up 19 runs to the Senators in three losses, with only Dean Chance's two-hit shutout to cheer about.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE** When Pittsburgh's (4-2) Bud Friend lost to the Mets last week after beating them 12 straight times over three seasons and the fourth-place Pirates fell 7½ games out of first, it looked as if they were finally going to drop back to the second division. But Manager Danny Morttough was not ready to give up. "We Irish have a saying that you never have a funeral until there's a death," he said. "Don't bury the Pirates; they aren't dead yet." To prove Morttough right, the Pirates promptly took both feet out of the grave, won three of four and were very much alive in third place. Most responsible for the resurrection was Reliever A. McLean (two wins), Roberto Clemente, who hit .389 to raise his league-leading average to .350; and Jerry Lynch, who won two games with home runs. The

Pirates took third when the Cincinnati Reds (2-4, see page 54) stopped hitting (.223 team BA) and lost three in a row to the Dodgers and Colts. The New York Mets (1-5), who failed to defeat anyone but Friend, dropped 36½ games out of first and were mathematically eliminated from the pennant race two games earlier than last year. The front-running Philadelphia Phillies bounced the Mets by taking four games from them and winning six of seven for the week. Phillies pitching was good, particularly John Bower's two relief wins. The hitting was even tougher, producing more than six runs a game. The St. Louis Cardinals' (4-2) improved young left-hander Ray Sadecki won twice and brought his record to 14-9 (matching his best previous season's performance) as the Cards jumped within a game of fourth place. A one-hitter by Bob Bolin and two victories for Billy O'Dell were not enough for the San Francisco Giants (4-2) to keep pace with the Phils. The Giants lost twice to the Cards and dropped four games back. Old standbys Henry Aaron and Eddie Mathews got all five of the Milwaukee Braves' (3-2) home runs as the whole Brave team hit .268. But they could not outpitch or outslug the Giants, losing a one-hitter one day and dropping another game the next day despite a 12-in. attack. The Los Angeles Dodgers (2-4) scored even fewer runs than usual (only 17 all week) and the pitchers felt the pinch. Don Drysdale lost twice and Sandy Koufax had to depend on two untarnished runs to secure his 18th victory. After losing 13 of 16 on a three-week road trip, the Houston Colts (2-3) returned home to take two straight from the Reds on clutch relief pitching by Jim Owens and Hal Woodeshick. Ernie Broglio, who has righted himself since coming to the Chicago Cubs (2-5), won his fourth in a row with a three-hit 3-1 win over the Phils.



FRANK THOMAS: A PHILIE PHILIP

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Unlike many of his colleagues in major league front offices, the Philadelphia Phillies' General Manager John Quinn is no showman. He does not play the role of the overboard gambler, or the wheeler-dealer, or the circus ringmaster. He does, never heless, do his job—building winning teams. Exceptionally well. Eight years ago, when Quinn's young Milwaukee team was driving for a pennant, he brought in an aging second baseman to shore up his infield and add some experience to his club. That player, Red Schoendienst, was a major cog in the Braves' pennants of 1957 and 1958. Two weeks ago Quinn provided a similar injection of talent and experience for his high-flying Phillies, he

traded for veteran right-handed slugger Frank Thomas of the New York Mets to make up for the Phils' lack of right-handed power. The formula is working again. In nine games with Philadelphia, Thomas has hit .378, with 14 hits, including two homers, five doubles and 14 RBIs. Since Frank joined the Phils, they have won eight of nine and their lead in the pennant race has jumped from ½ to four games. Thomas has hit and driven in runs in all but two of these games. After 12 frustrating years, mostly in the second division, he is hitting as if there is a World Series check on each pitch. Even when the trade was just a rumor, Thomas said, "I know I can help the Phillies as they knew it." Frank was not the only one who knew it, this is John Quinn's kind of show.

Volume 1



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## PHILADELPHIA STORY

Sirs:

Re: *Let's Go, Phillies!* (August 10): as a resident of a neighboring community, I can't blame Upper Merion. And certainly not Jack Olson. Thanks for a fine job.

SEYMOUR M. ROSSMAN

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

Phil fans have suffered through many dismal years with our boys and now are thrilled to have a contender. Sure we booed a lot, but who wouldn't if they rooted for a team that has finished first twice and lost 21 times in this century?

If the New Yorker who "spent a week in Philadelphia yesterday" spends a few more days here in early October, he'll find it worthwhile. While Shea Stadium and Yankee Stadium are locked up, the Baltimore Orioles will be playing the Phils.

LIZ MICHAELS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Our Boston Red Sox may not be as high in the standings as are the Phillies, but I'll bet our utility man, Felix Mantilla, has a better average than the Phillies' Beggs at catching popcorn.

RICHARD R. FRASER

Walpole, Mass.

Sirs:

Yes, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*! At last someone has said something constructive about our great, "average," winning ball club. From one knowledgeable fan to another—thank you, *Let's go, Phillies!*

BARBARA DENNISON

Wayne, Pa.

## EYES OF TEXAS

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle wrote an interesting account of the Pennsylvania-Texas high school grid clash in *Bref, Bones and Hershey Bars* (August 10). But he failed to mention that the real Texas all-stars were not in Hershey, Pa. at all, but some 1,300 miles away in Fort Worth, flexing their muscles for the Texas High School Coaches' Association's annual North-South intrastate battle in which the northern schoolboy stars upset their southern counterparts 23-14.

The young Texans making the trip to Pennsylvania were not the officially recognized "all stars" of their own state. That they were nevertheless potent enough to almost wreck Pennsylvania's Big 33 surprised no one in the Southwest. These fans have

always maintained that their brand of football is unmatched.

SAM K. BEAR

North Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

The Hershey bars taste like they were made from Hutterweil chocolate besides being full of nuts. The prime college prospects stayed in Texas to participate in the all-star game.

PHIL ROBERTS

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

Your article on the recent football game between the Texas and Pennsylvania high school all-stars has helped me win an argument I have been conducting for many years with some out-of-state friends.

The question was whether Pennsylvania, Texas, Ohio or Illinois provided college recruiters with the best football material. Now I know. Pennsylvania football means woe to win.

JILL PAPPAS

Northridge, Calif.

Sirs:

Pennsylvania is the true home of the bonker.

Bonk, bonk, bonk.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carlisle, Pa.

Sirs:

One might wonder what would have been the outcome of the game if Texas had been represented by its North and South all-star squads.

ROCKY HARMON

Happys, Texas

## FROM PUERTO RICO WITH LOVE

Sirs:

Hooty for Chi Chi Rodriguez (*Little Chi Chi's Other Side*, August 10). If there were more golf professionals like him, the professional tour would probably lose its reputation as a total company of gloomy introverts.

ANDREW HAYES

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

Every year professional golf seems to find new heroes to worship. Some become immortal, while others are forgotten quickly. I hope Chi Chi Rodriguez is not just another passing fad.

PAUL M. SIMON

Chicago

## GOOD GRAVLAKE

Sirs:

Our western salmon fight just as hard as those Matingslow ones (*The Best Single Salmon Pool*, *Aut where*, August 17). In case one doesn't get away, can we have the recipe for gravlaks?

ONELLE ELSAARD

Seattle

● Catch a salmon weighing between 20 and 30 pounds. Use the center section of one side. Remove all bones but leave the skin on. Rub into the flesh a mixture of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and 20 peppercorns, coarsely crushed. Cover the bottom of a pan with a layer of fresh dill, put in the salmon, skin side down, and sprinkle over it 6 tablespoons of brandy. Cover with more dill and place on top of a plank heavy enough to put a slight pressure on the salmon. Refrigerate 24 hours (no longer). Cut fish into thick slices and serve with this dressing: Mix 1 tablespoon prepared mild mustard, 1 tablespoon sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons white wine vinegar and a little salt and pepper. Into this mixture beat 4 tablespoons salad oil. At the last moment add a few drops of lemon juice and more fresh dill, this time finely chopped.—ED

## BULL SESSION

Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on the article (*Arms in a Bullring Is Not Enough*, August 10) about the great Paco Camino and El Cordobes. I was quite surprised the article contained technical terms. Usually you have to use baby-type terms so the American public will understand. The color photo of Paco was fine. I wish you would sometime show a color portrait of El Cordobes, showing that mop hair of his.

MISA GOODMAN

Irvine, Calif.

Sirs:

We overspent the family budget to see El Cordobes fight in the Nueces Laredo Bullring. The bloody, torpid, boring ordeal showed that even the best bulls and the best matadors can give a lackluster performance.

Needless to say no ears were cut, and we left the arena with the feeling that you had misled us.

MONTE SPIRES

Beeville, Texas

● Like hitters in baseball, *toreros* are fortunate to average .300, or about one good fight in three.—FD

continued

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**10TH HOLE** Continued

### LEFTY ON DECK

Says:

Some years ago, you kindly printed a letter I wrote you about the late William (Sliding Billy) Hamilton, who played with Philadelphia and Boston from 1890 through 1901. Not long afterward Billy (along with Max Carey) was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame, becoming its 86th member. I like to think that yours truly with the help of your 19th Hole had something to do with Hamilton's deserved election.

Bulwarked with that confidence, I am now writing to you about another great, Lefty O'Doul (see below), long overdue for his well-deserved place in Cooperstown.



Frank O'Doul toiled 11 seasons in the majors. At first he was a southpaw pitcher, with New York and Boston of the American League. He came back to the Pacific Coast League after arm trouble ruined his mound effectiveness, became a clouting outfielder and was called up to the National League by the New York Giants.

He hit .319 his first season back in the majors and was shunted to Philadelphia. In 1929 O'Doul stroked a torrid .398 for the Phils to win the National League batting crown and set a record with 254 base hits. He followed with a .383 mark the next year, only to lose out to Bill Terry's .401 and was traded to Brooklyn. As a Dodger he captured a second title with a .368 figure in 1932 at the age of 35.

His .349 lifetime major league average makes Lefty the No. 1 batter now living. **CORIE (PISKEY) GREEN**, Hayward, Calif.



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